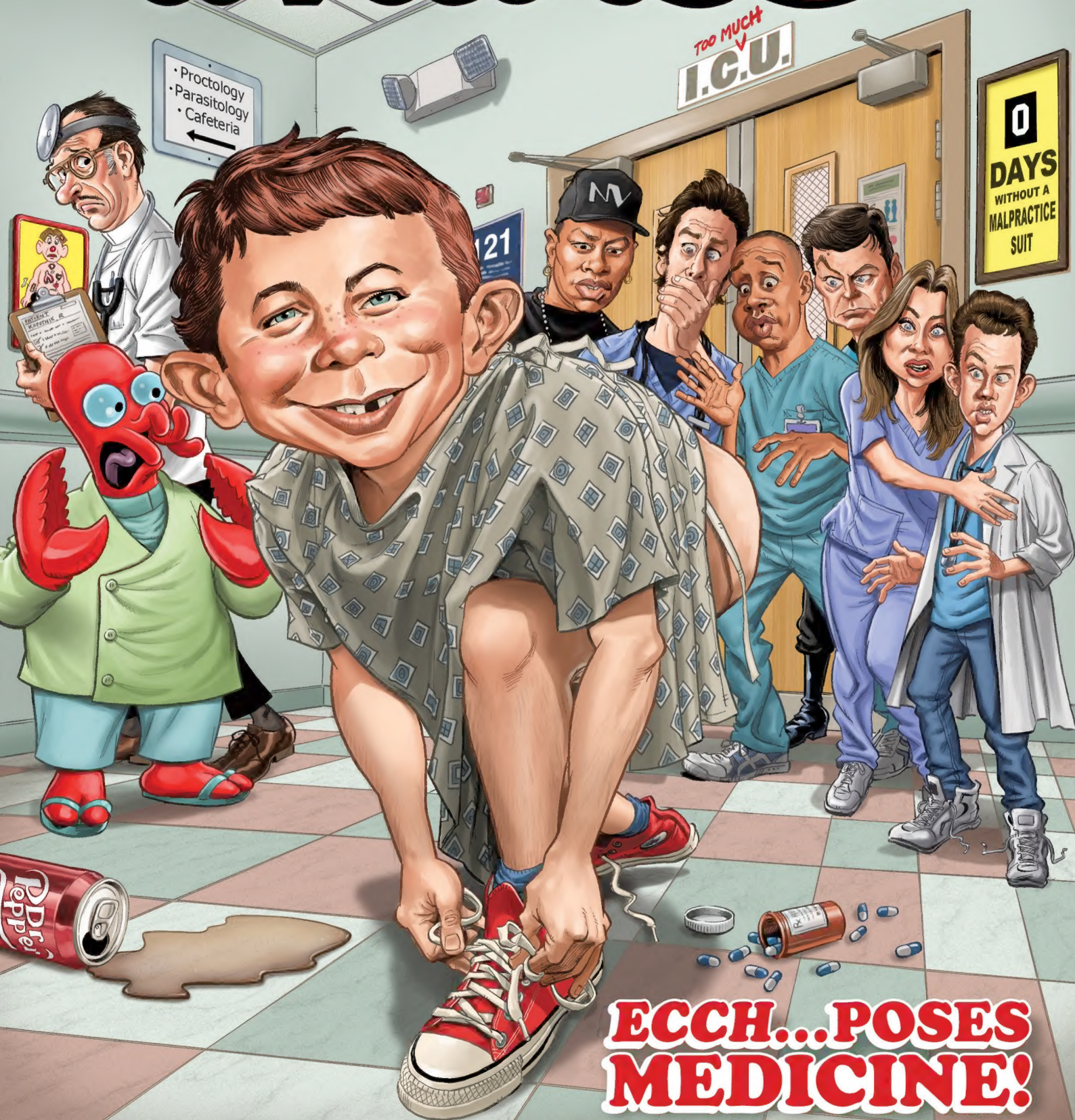


MAD

NO.
31
JUN
2023



**ECCH...POSES
MEDICINE!**

THE DOCT-O-MAT

Hypochondriac passersby will find this future vending machine invaluable for obtaining quick medical advice, and fees won't vary with the ability to pay.

EXCERPT FROM "VENDING MACHINES OF THE FUTURE"
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #23, JUN 1967
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE



DR. NEUMAN, M.D. PRESCRIBES...

ONE MAD A DAY KEEPS THE IDIOTS IN PAY!

Diagnosis.....Deposit 2,000 Pennies
Removal of Appendix.....Deposit 1,000 Dimes
30 Minute Psychoanalysis.....Deposit 100 Quarters
Marital Advice.....Free (if single)

D I R E C T I O N S
 1. Insert Coins 2. Remove Clothes 3. Press Complaint Button
 4. Read Remedy 5. Hit the Road!

<p>COMPLAINT Press no more than two</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ⊙ Appendicitis ⊙ Itch ⊙ Halitosis ⊙ Broken Leg ⊙ Dandruff 	<p>REMEDY One may light up</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ☐ Take it out ☐ Scratch ☐ Don't talk ☐ Use other leg ☐ Shampoo ☐ Leave it in ☐ Suffer ☐ Find New Friends ☐ Break other leg ☐ Toupee Machine over there
--	---

ALFRED ARE FROM "MAD DOCKMARTIN"
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #28, JUN 1967
ARTIST: NORMAN BRING

MAD

NO. 31 JUNE 2023

WILLIAM M. GAINES FOUNDER

SUZY HUTCHINSON ART DIRECTOR

BERN MENDOZA ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR



- 02 A MAD Look at Hospitals, MAD #516, Aug 2012
- 06 MAD's Practical Joke Catalogue for Doctors, MAD #248, Jul 1984
- 08 Schlubs (MAD TV Parody), MAD #426, Feb 2003
- 14 MAD Medals...to be Presented to Deserving Doctors, MAD #205, Mar 1979
- 15 Spy Vs. Spy Vs. Spy, MAD #83, Dec 1963
- 16 Great Moments in Medicine, MAD #302, Apr 1991
- 17 The Bloodcurdling Blue-Cross Brouhaha, MAD #301, Mar 1991
- 18 Dorky Housecall, M.D. (MAD TV Parody), MAD #294, Apr 1990
- 23 In a Doctors Office, MAD #76, Jan 1963
- 24 Health Chairs, MAD #43, Dec 1958
- 26 Get a New Psychiatrist If..., MAD #363, Sep 1997
- 29 Paging Dr. Jaffee...Dr. Al Jaffee, MAD #14, Aug 2020
- 30 A MAD Look at Alternative Medicine, MAD #519, Feb 2013
- 32 "Can You Hold?" True Stories of Urology Receptionists
- 34 One Fine Day at the Chiropractors' Convention, MAD #382, Jun 1999
- 36 The Lighter Side of Minor Ailments, MAD #167, Jun 1974
- 41 One Balmy Morning in the Operating Room, MAD #231, Jun 1982
- 42 A MAD Peek Behind the Scenes at a Hospital, MAD #131, Dec 1969
- 44 Colds Spread on Contact, MAD #67, Jun 1964
- 45 MAD Medals...to be Presented to Deserving Medical Workers, MAD #211, Dec 1979
- 46 Little-known and Rarely Diagnosed MAD Ailments Contracted in Hospitals, MAD #238, Apr 1983
- 48 Groin's Monotony (MAD TV Parody), MAD #472, Dec 2006
- 53 MAD's Medical Mother Goose, MAD #117, Mar 1968
- 56 The Final Dose, MAD #530, Dec 2014, MAD #503, May 2010



CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS & WRITERS The Usual Gang of Idiots

INSIDE BACK COVER A MAD Fold-in by Johnny Sampson

VARIOUS PLACES Drawn Out Dramas by Sergio Aragonés

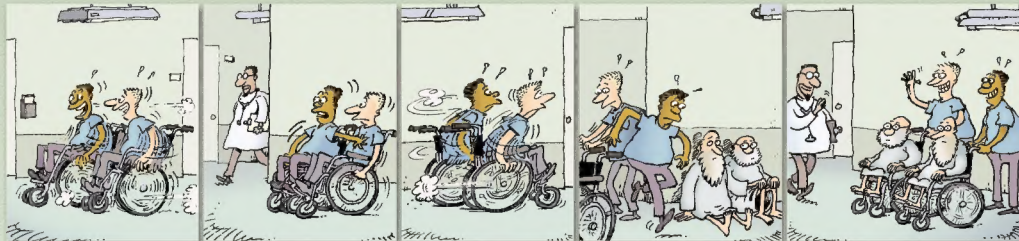
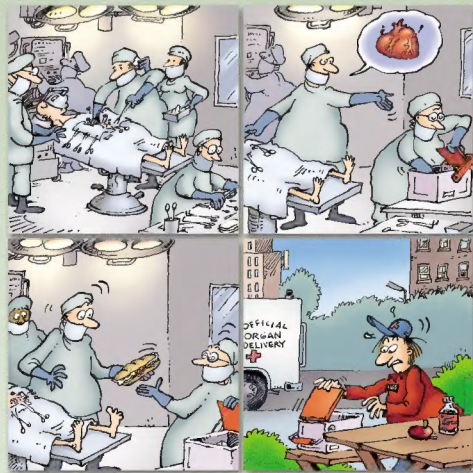
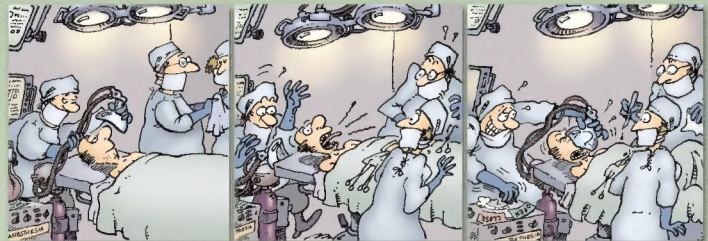
COVER ARTIST Tom Richmond

The vintage MAD pieces reprinted in this issue were produced in a time that was less mindful and sensitive to matters of race, gender, sexual identity, religion, and food allergies. The text of these articles is presented mostly unaltered (and with crossed fingers) for historical reference.

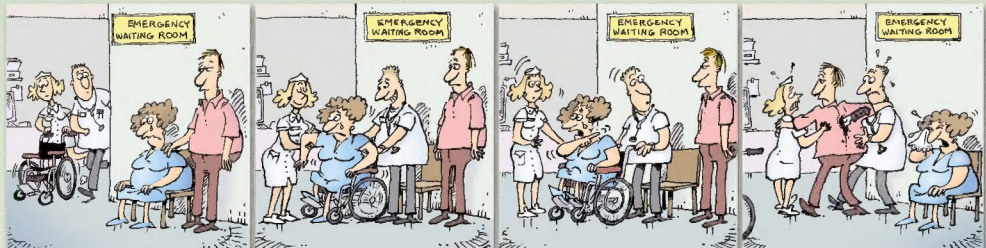
Sergio Aragones
Presents

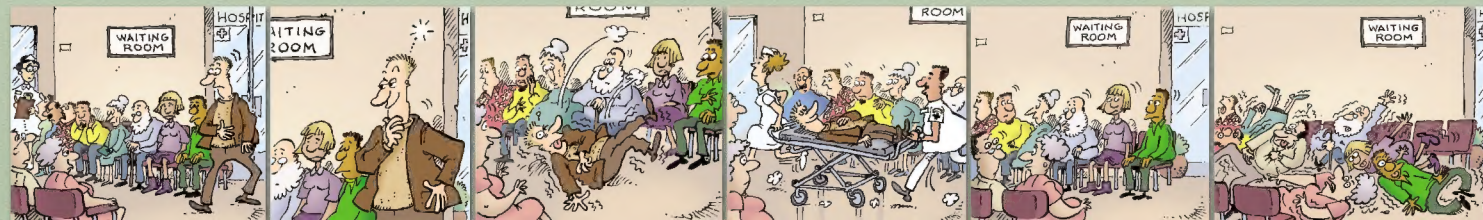
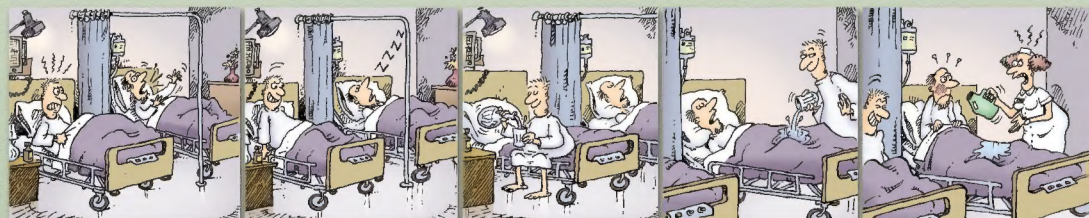
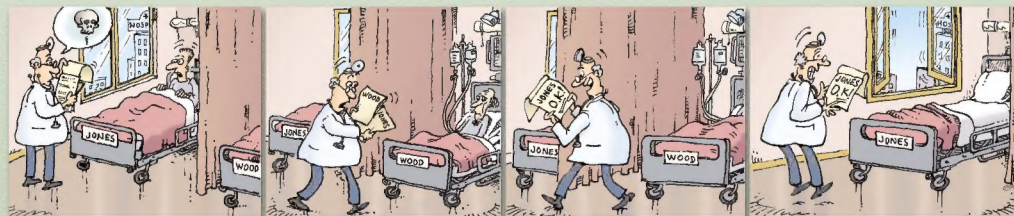
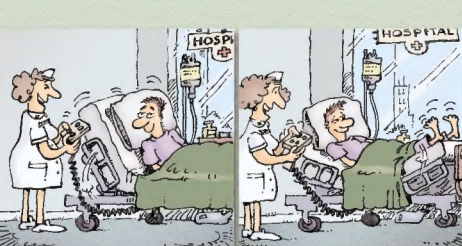
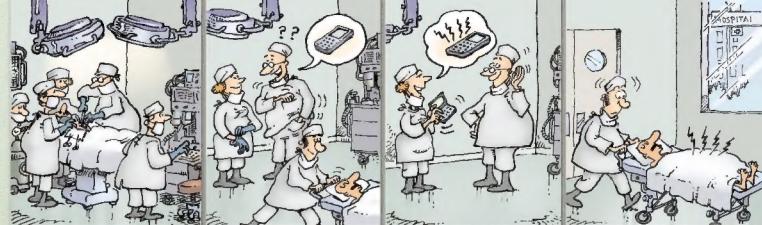
A MAD LOOK AT

HOSPITALS



WRITER & ARTIST SERGIO ARAGONES COLORIST TOM LUTH





RED-HOT PEPPER-FLAVORED TONGUE DEPRESSORS



No need to describe the hysterical reaction when you use one of these on your patients!

PORNOGRAPHIC INK BLOTS



Dirty pictures cleverly hidden in Rorschach cards! Ask them what they see... and they'll be too ashamed to tell you! Lots of laughs!!

ITCHING PLASTER CASTS



Mix our "Itching Powder" into the plaster before applying any type cast! Drives 'em crazy!

TRYING YOUR PATIENTS' DEPT.

Attention all you doctors out there! It's time you exploded once and for all the myth that doctors are serious people, intent on healing the sick, with no time for foolishness or no sense of humor. (By the way, what are you doing reading MAD?) You can accomplish this impossible task by using the items in...

MAD'S PRACTICAL JOKE CATALOGUE FOR DOCTORS

WRITER BEPPE SABATINI

ARTIST AL JAFFEE

COWS' INTESTINES



Leave these lying around Post-Op, and watch their faces when they come to!

FUNNY INSTRUMENT BAG



Contains 8" needles, rusty saws, bent pliers. One look and they pass out!

BLURRY EYE CHARTS



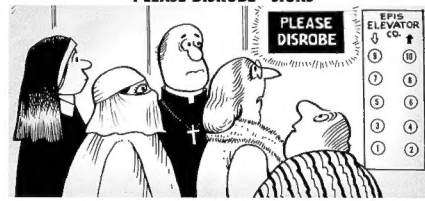
Watch them squint, strain and rub their eyes while you howl with laughter!

MANGLED I.D. BRACELETS



Slip one of these into a patient's plate of hash before the Orderly takes in his tray of hospital food. Yeww! Perfect for your stubborn overweights!

"PLEASE DISROBE" SIGNS



A scream! Put them in your waiting room, your hallway, your lobby—everywhere! Then, switch 'em all on! Your office'll look like a Nudist Colony!

RUBBER NOSES



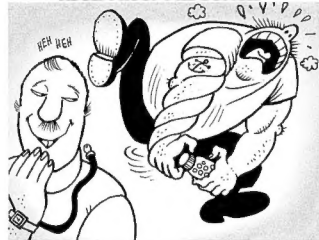
Slip one of these onto your nose job patient before she comes out of the anesthetic! When she does, she'll take one look and go through the roof!

FAKE PRESCRIPTIONS



Each one has pre-printed swear words in Latin! Watch 'em get punched out by their Pharmacist!

ADULT-PROOF PILL BOTTLES



Watch as they struggle for hours because these special bottles cannot be opened! Perfect for hypochondriac (and other complaining) patients!

DRIBBLING SPECIMEN BOTTLES



Wait'll they try carrying these into your lab!

The probing, the digital exams with Vaseline-coated latex gloves, opening wide...no we're not talking about tonight's lineup on the Playboy Channel! It seems TV audiences Just can't get enough of medical programs, even when the cast of "doctors" is nothing but a bunch of ...

Tschlubs!



WRITER **CHARLIE KADAU**
COLORIST **TOM RICHMOND**

I'm O.D.! Actually, I'm DOCTOR O.D., a fresh-out-of-medical-school resident at a small metropolitan hospital! Don't be worried by my constant look of terror and fear that reveals I'm terribly inexperienced and have gotten myself in way over my head — after all, that same look hasn't hurt the President! True, I'm not like other doctors... you've heard of M.D.s who faint at the sight of blood? I faint at the sight of flesh! Anyway, I'm going to switch into voice-over mode now as I do in every episode! I'll start by introducing the members of the hospital staff...

NOW SERVING
18

This is Doctor Throb Hellshow, Chief of Medicine! His gruff, judgmental exterior hides a caring professional inside...

Like hell it does! My gruff, judgmental exterior hides a gruff, judgmental INTERIOR! Think of me as a kindly, old country physician — in the same way you'd think of Dr. Kevorkian as a kindly, old country physician!

Here's Dr. Pill Box! He's my mentor, by default! He's bitter about being second-in-command to Dr. Hellshow, but his gruff, judgmental exterior hides a caring professional inside...

I resent being compared to Hellshow! Besides being gruff and judgmental, I'm ALSO bitter, unstable, caustic, cynical, condescending and a borderline alcoholic! I never let these attitudes affect my work, though! My patients get the highest level of care — from the time they first check in till I've dotted all the I's and crossed all the t's on their morgue toe tag!

This is Nurse Carlot! She's a fiery Latina who isn't afraid to say what's on her mind, but her gruff, judgmental exterior hides a caring professional inside...

Enough with the gruff, judgmental exterior already! Your voice-overs suck as much as your hairstyle! Why am I angry? Because I'm a veteran nurse with more on-the-job experience than they have, yet it's my responsibility to show these new doctors respect, knowing that in five years I'll be in this same low-paying job while these idiots are debating which beach house to buy in Malibu!

I HEAR YOU'RE HIRING TV DOCTORS WITH BAD HAIRCUTS...



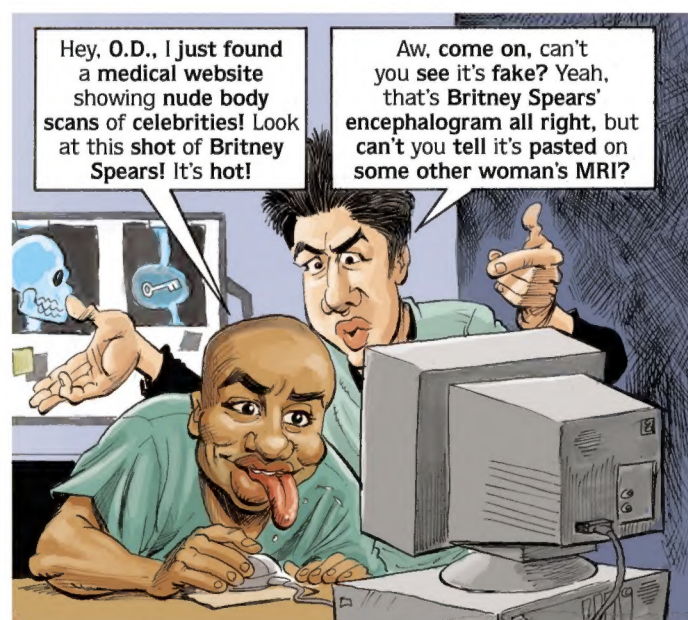
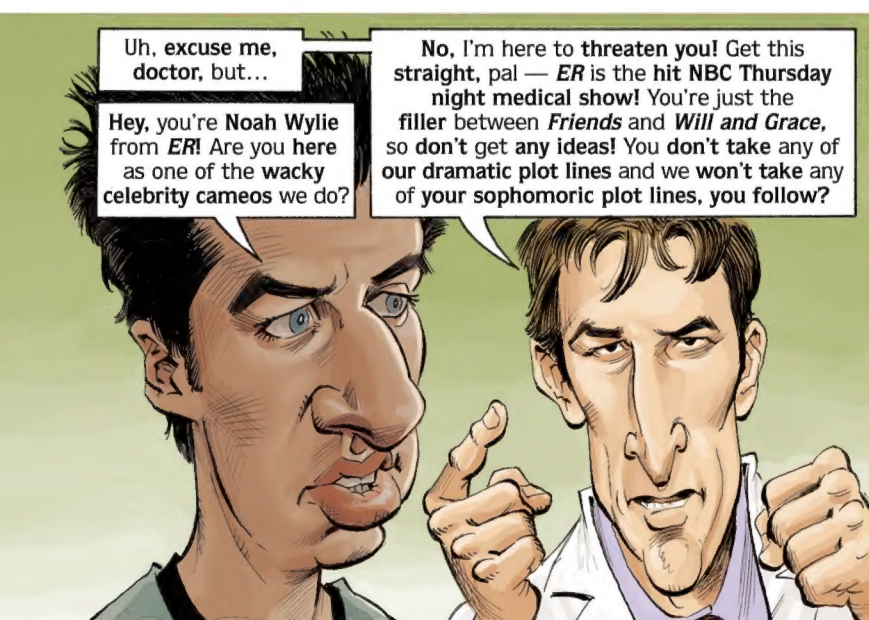
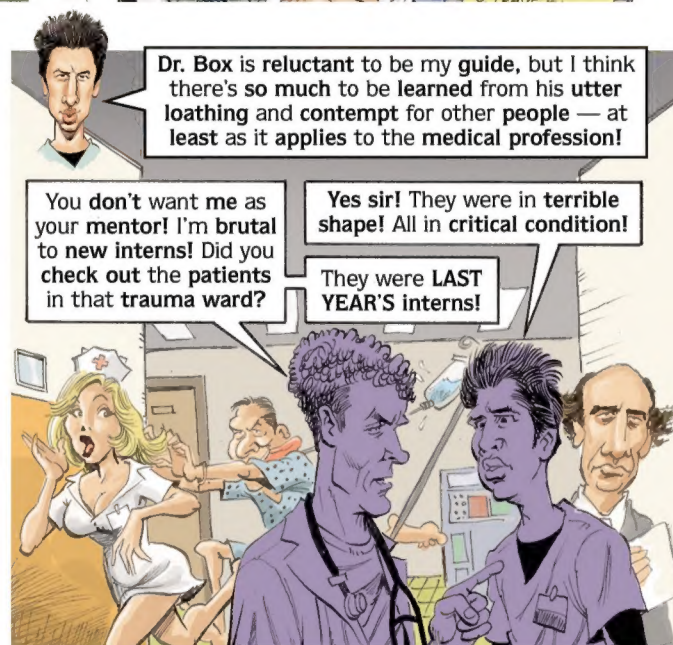
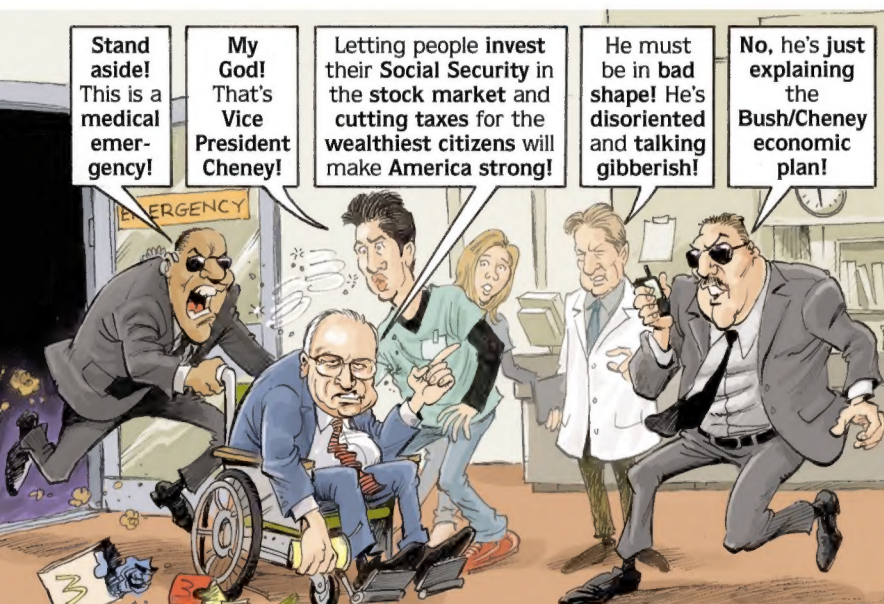
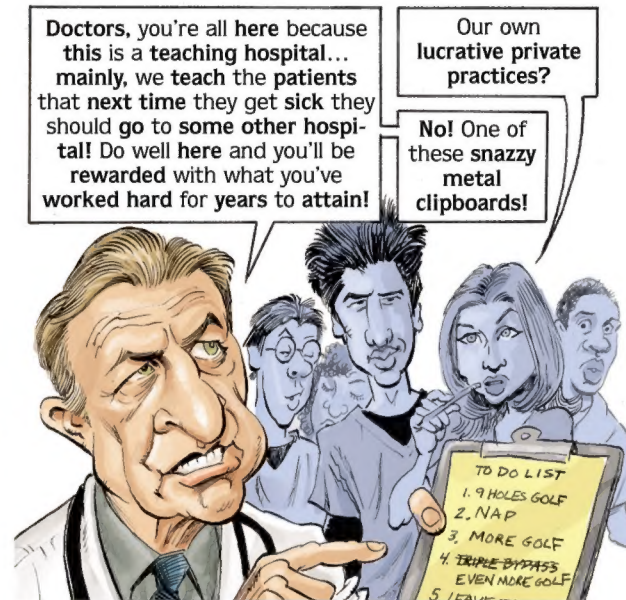
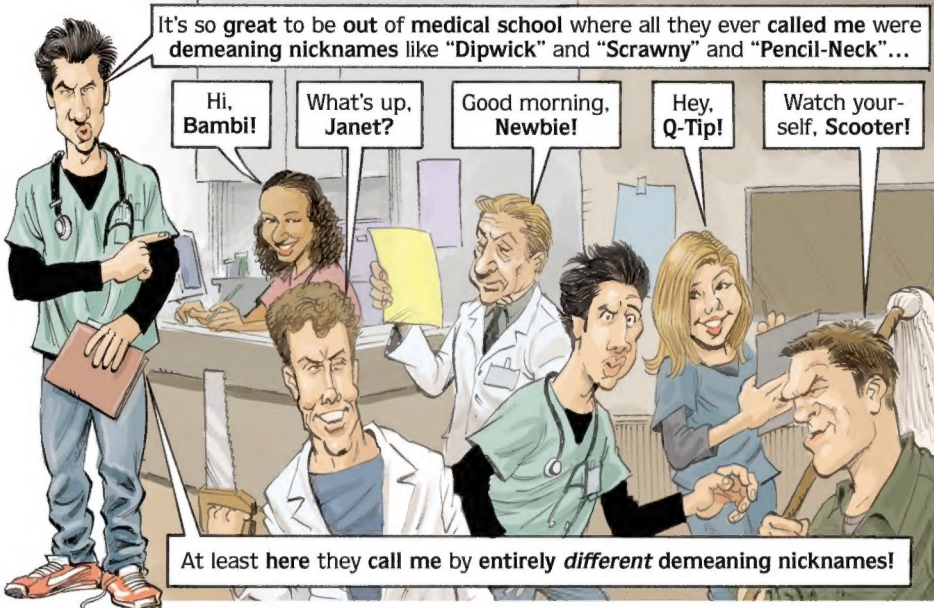
Priss Jerk here is my old medical school buddy!

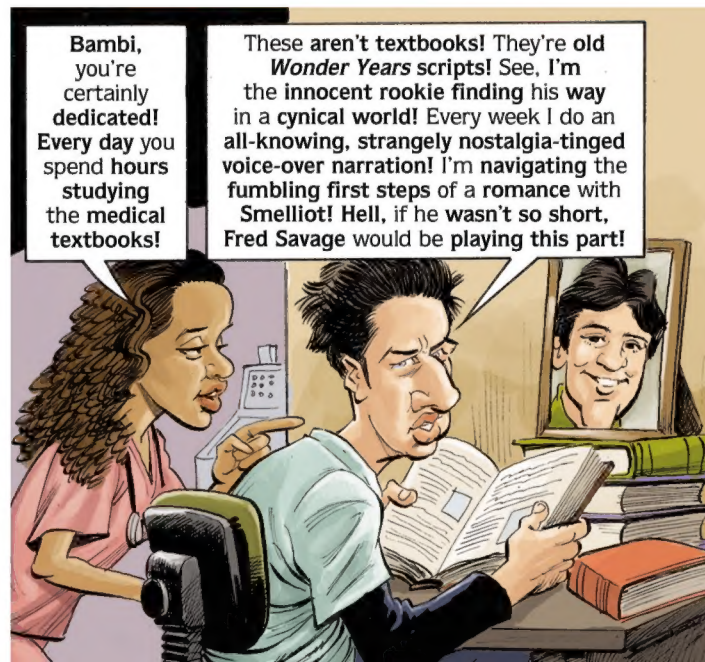
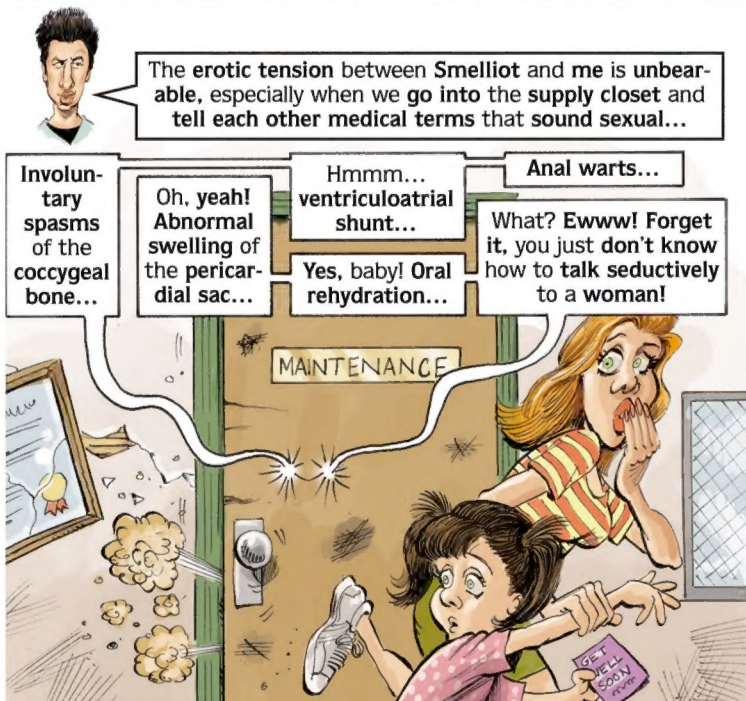
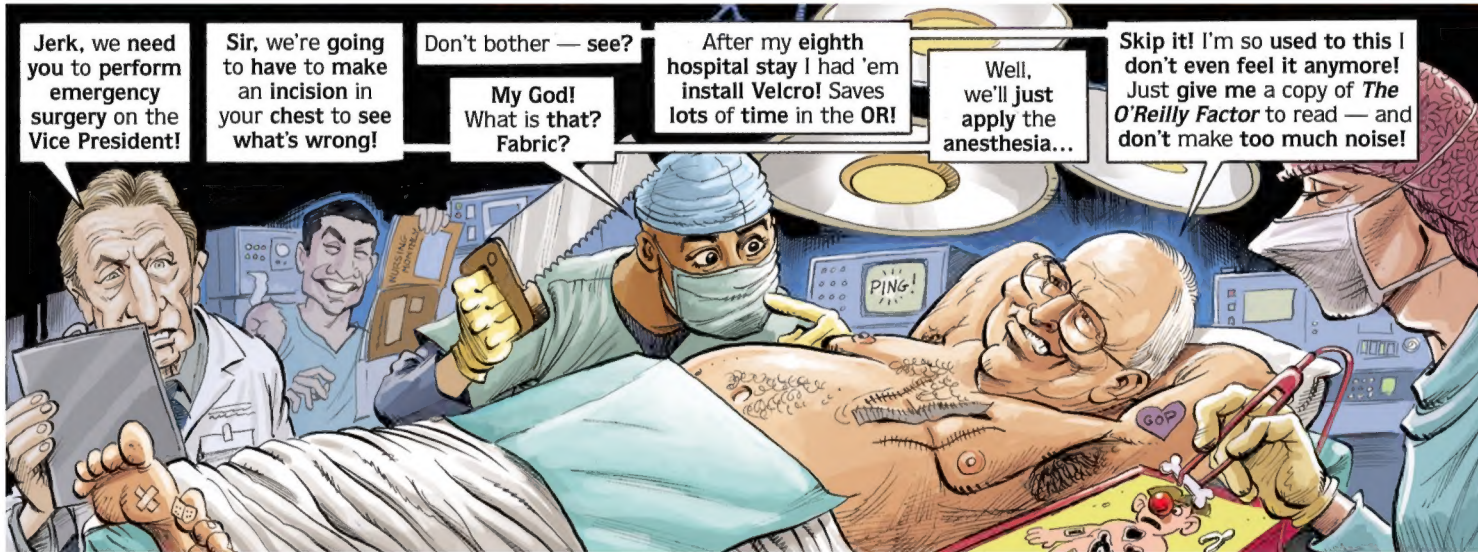
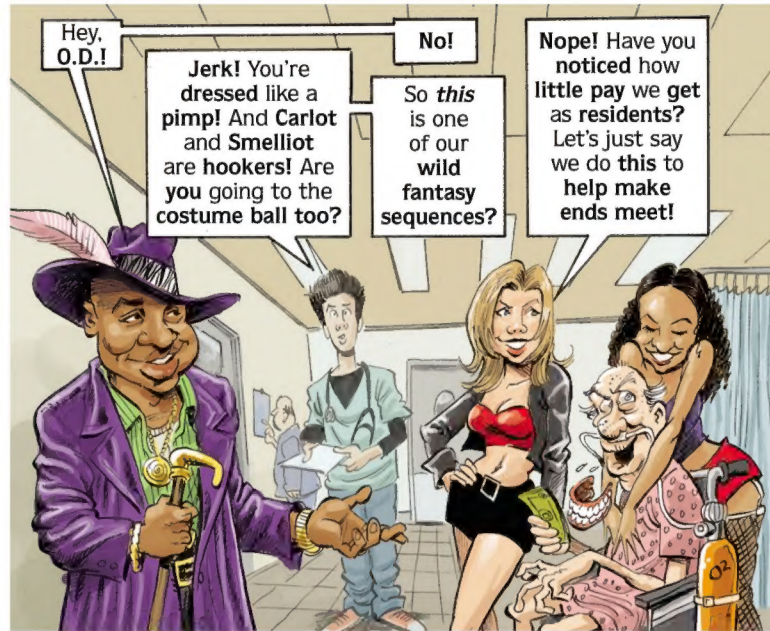
We did go to medical school together, but I studied to be a surgeon so I wouldn't have to listen to O.D.'s moronic voice-overs during classes! I'm proof that African-American surgeons have come a long way — in the days of segregation, I wouldn't have been permitted to operate on the wrong limb or carve my initials into a patient like white surgeons could...now I can! If that's not living Dr. King's dream, I don't know what is!

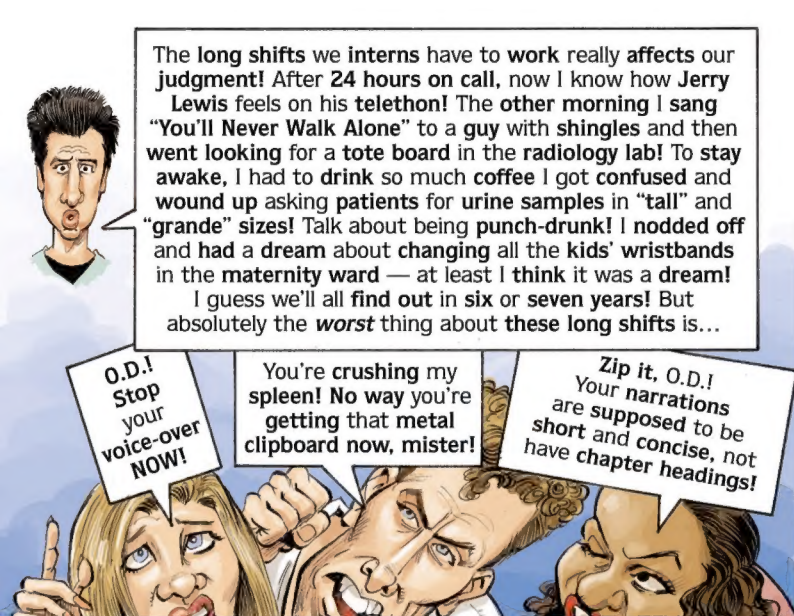
Finally, this tasty confection is Dr. Smelliot Bleed! She's a woman determined to make it in a field still dominated by men! It won't be easy, though, because these doctors still refer to women doctors as tasty confections!

I've wanted to be a doctor since I was a little girl! Some people say I was so fixated on becoming an M.D. that I totally ignored my social life! But other women I admire, like Camille Paglia, Rosie O'Donnell and Ellen DeGeneres concentrated on their careers first tool! Now that they've made it, I'm sure they'll find nice men and get married! Or am I missing something?

[Signature]





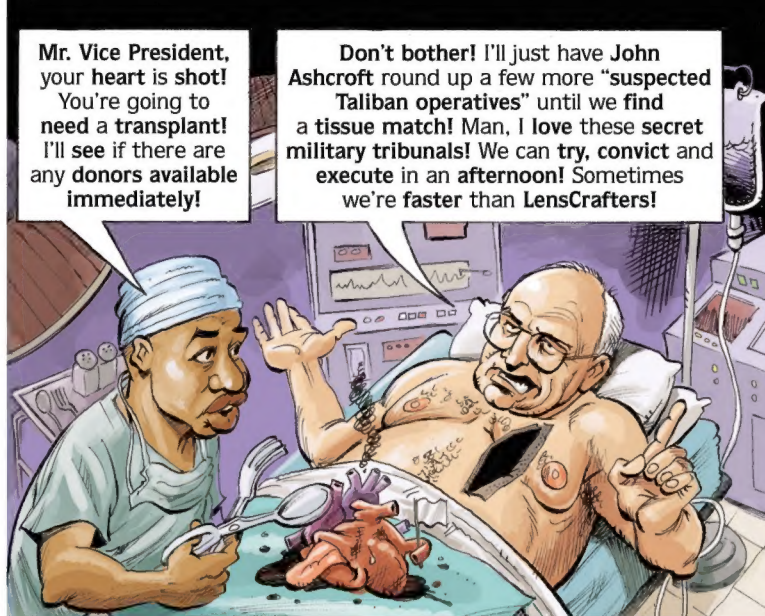


The long shifts we interns have to work really affects our judgment! After 24 hours on call, now I know how Jerry Lewis feels on his telethon! The other morning I sang "You'll Never Walk Alone" to a guy with shingles and then went looking for a tote board in the radiology lab! To stay awake, I had to drink so much coffee I got confused and wound up asking patients for urine samples in "tall" and "grande" sizes! Talk about being punch-drunk! I nodded off and had a dream about changing all the kids' wristbands in the maternity ward — at least I think it was a dream! I guess we'll all find out in six or seven years! But absolutely the *worst* thing about these long shifts is...

O.D.! Stop your voice-over NOW!

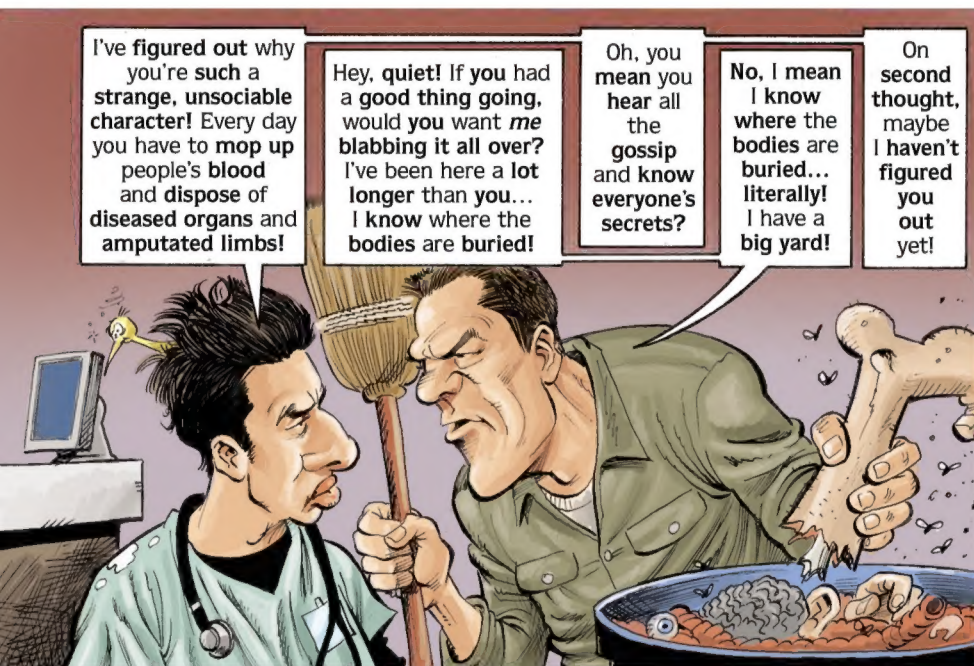
You're crushing my spleen! No way you're getting that metal clipboard now, mister!

Zip it, O.D.! Your narrations are supposed to be short and concise, not have chapter headings!



Mr. Vice President, your heart is shot! You're going to need a transplant! I'll see if there are any donors available immediately!

Don't bother! I'll just have John Ashcroft round up a few more "suspected Taliban operatives" until we find a tissue match! Man, I love these secret military tribunals! We can try, convict and execute in an afternoon! Sometimes we're faster than LensCrafters!



I've figured out why you're such a strange, unsociable character! Every day you have to mop up people's blood and dispose of diseased organs and amputated limbs!

Hey, quiet! If you had a good thing going, would you want *me* blabbing it all over? I've been here a lot longer than you... I know where the bodies are buried!

Oh, you mean you hear all the gossip and know everyone's secrets?

No, I mean I know where the bodies are buried... literally! I have a big yard!

On second thought, maybe I haven't figured you out yet!



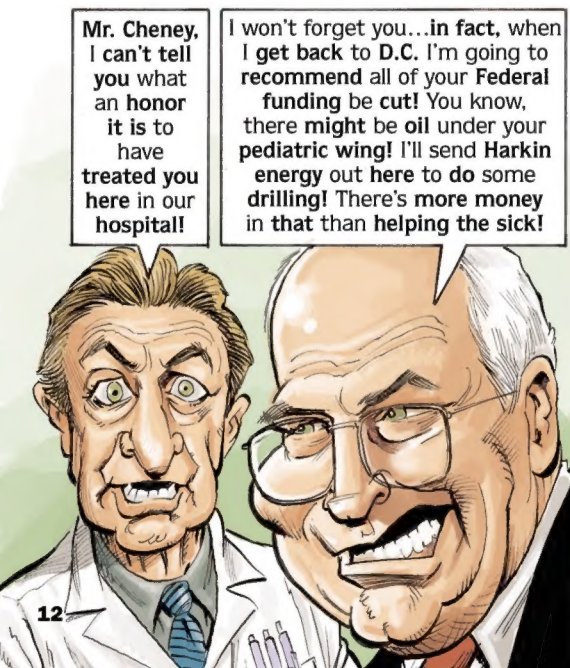
Hi, Carlot!

Jerk, how come so many of our movements are accompanied by cartoon sound effects, like "Fwish!", "Eeeeeek!" and "Budda budda budda!"?

You mean in all the time you've been here you never read that plaque on the wall?

HANNA-BARBERA MEMORIAL WING

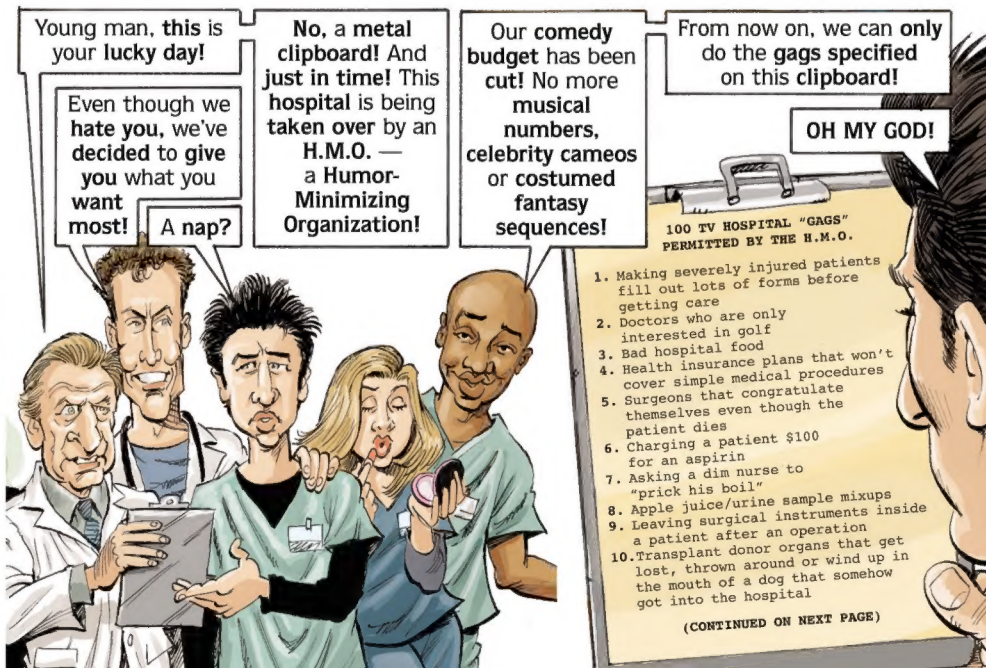
FWISH!
SCREEEECH!



Mr. Cheney, I can't tell you what an honor it is to have treated you here in our hospital!

I won't forget you...in fact, when I get back to D.C. I'm going to recommend all of your Federal funding be cut! You know, there might be oil under your pediatric wing! I'll send Harkin energy out here to do some drilling! There's more money in that than helping the sick!

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #426, FEB 2003



Young man, this is your lucky day!

Even though we hate you, we've decided to give you what you want most!

A nap?

No, a metal clipboard! And just in time! This hospital is being taken over by an H.M.O. — a Humor-Minimizing Organization!

Our comedy budget has been cut! No more musical numbers, celebrity cameos or costumed fantasy sequences!

From now on, we can only do the gags specified on this clipboard!

OH MY GOD!

100 TV HOSPITAL "GAGS" PERMITTED BY THE H.M.O.

1. Making severely injured patients fill out lots of forms before getting care
2. Doctors who are only interested in golf
3. Bad hospital food
4. Health insurance plans that won't cover simple medical procedures
5. Surgeons that congratulate themselves even though the patient dies
6. Charging a patient \$100 for an aspirin
7. Asking a dim nurse to "prick his boil"
8. Apple juice/urine sample mixups
9. Leaving surgical instruments inside a patient after an operation
10. Transplant donor organs that get lost, thrown around or wind up in the mouth of a dog that somehow got into the hospital

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)



Why restrict the awarding of medals to the military? After all, Civilians perform heroic acts while fighting life's daily battles as well! Let's recognize them with

THIS ISSUE'S PROPOSED MAD MEDALS

... TO BE PRESENTED TO DESERVING DOCTORS

THE MISSING
FORCEPS MEDAL



Awarded to Doctors who successfully pass on to their patients the higher costs of Malpractice Insurance while in no way attempting to cut down on the causes of these increased costs, mainly greed and actual malpractice.

THE FULL
CALENDAR CITATION



Goes to Doctors who demonstrate the efficiency and diligence necessary to see an unbelievable amount of patients per hour in their offices and on their hospital walk-throughs while managing to collect full fee charges for each.

THE LITTLE
GREEN PILL MEDAL

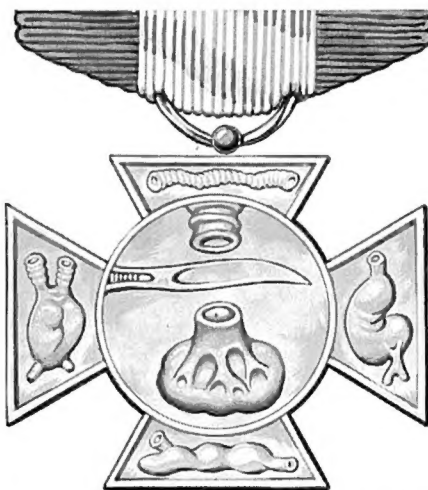


For prescribing without conscience or trepidation certain extremely expensive name-brand drugs, thus insuring both warm and lasting relationships with pharmacists, and rewarding free vacation trips from drug companies.

WRITER & ARTIST **AL JAFFEE**



THE GOLDEN
SCAPEL AWARD



Awarded to Doctors who have performed surgery above and beyond the call of necessity. These procedures involve the removal of patients' appendixes, tonsils, gall bladders, ovaries, etc., whether they needed to be or not! The motto inscribed on the reverse side of the medal reads, "A removed organ can never become a really diseased organ!"

THE A.M.A.
MEDAL OF HONOR



This decoration represents the medical profession's highest award . . . and can only be presented to those doctors who distinguish themselves with an unbroken record of heroically fighting the battle against Socialized Medicine, Public Health Care, lower fees, and any other profit-cutting ideas that lawmakers and do-gooders periodically come up with.

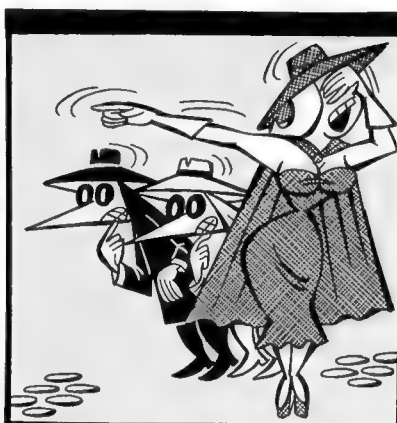




And now, Mr. Prohias offers another installment in his contention that truth is never all black nor all white—but merely shades of gray. He calls it . . .

SPY VS SPY VS SPY

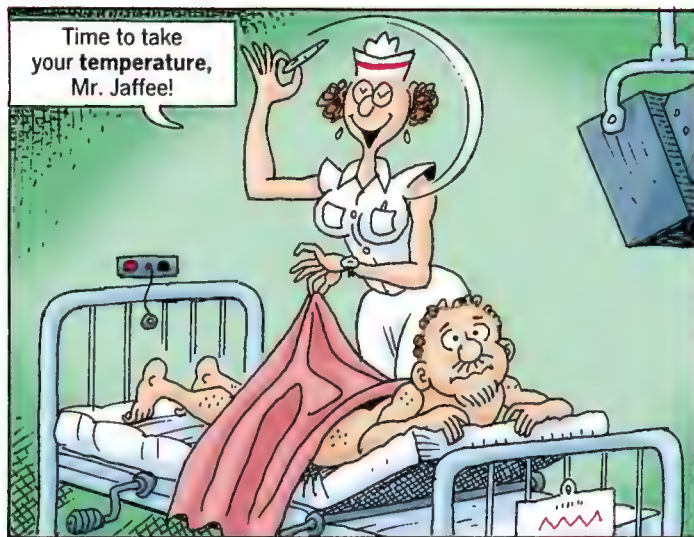
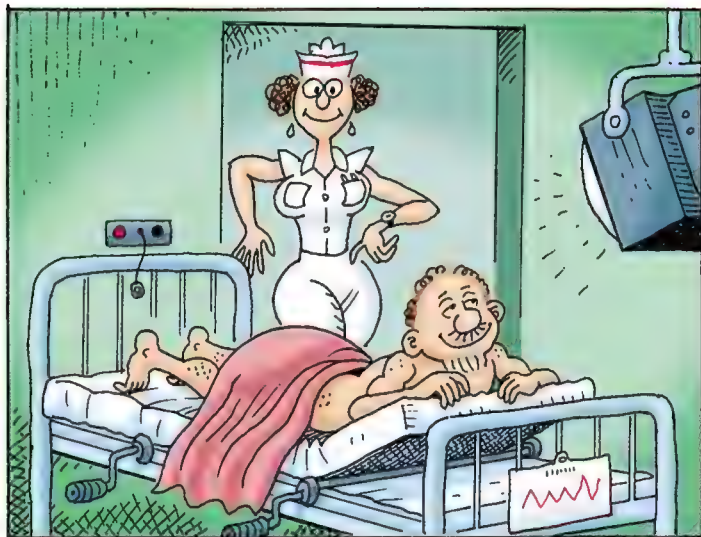
WRITER & ARTIST ANTONIO PROHIAS



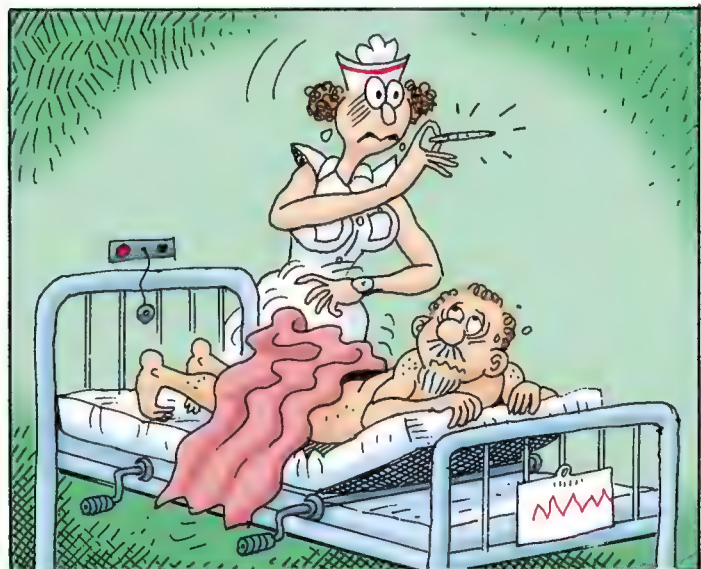
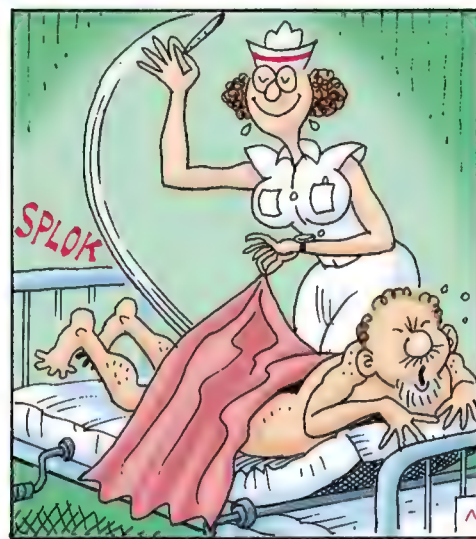
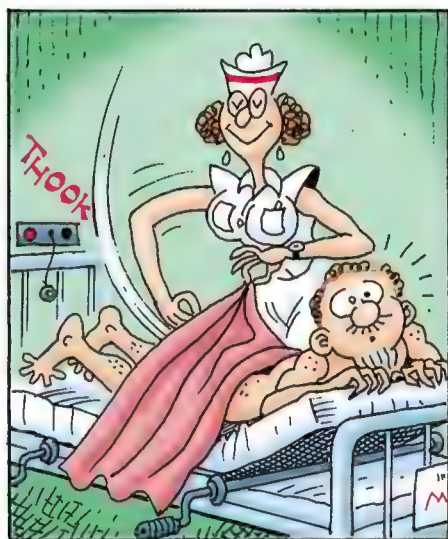
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #83, DEC 1963

And now MAD presents another installment from our collection of ...

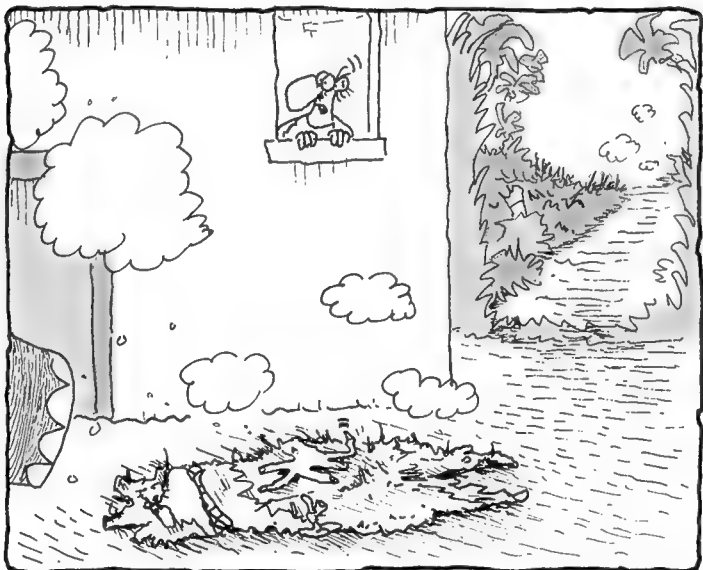
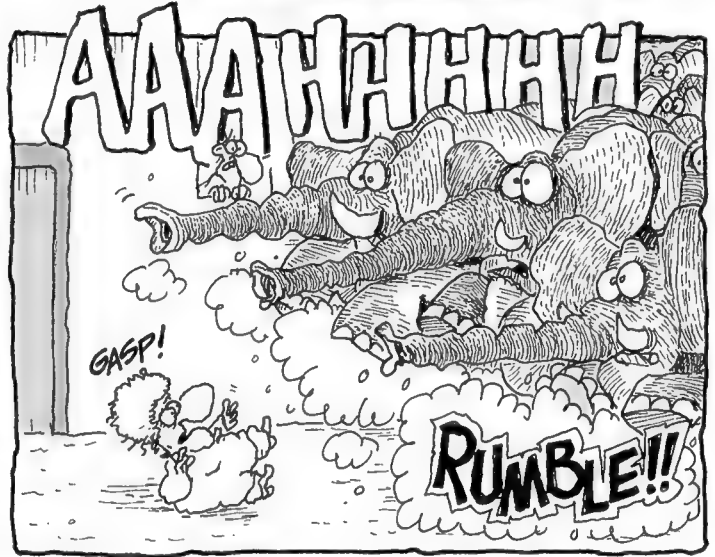
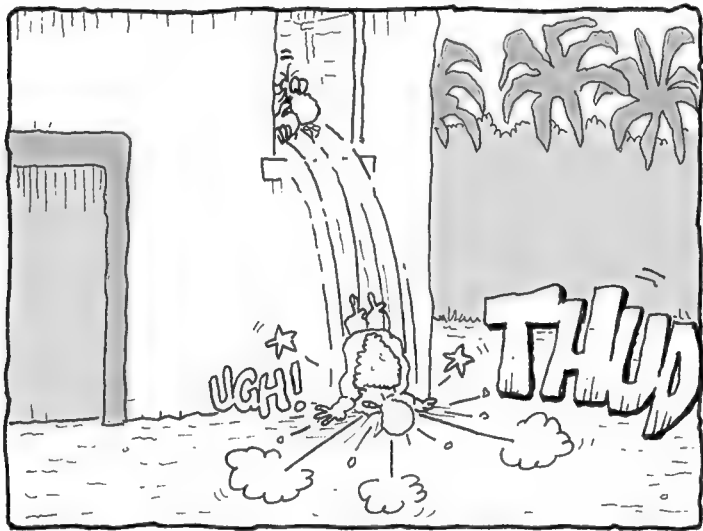
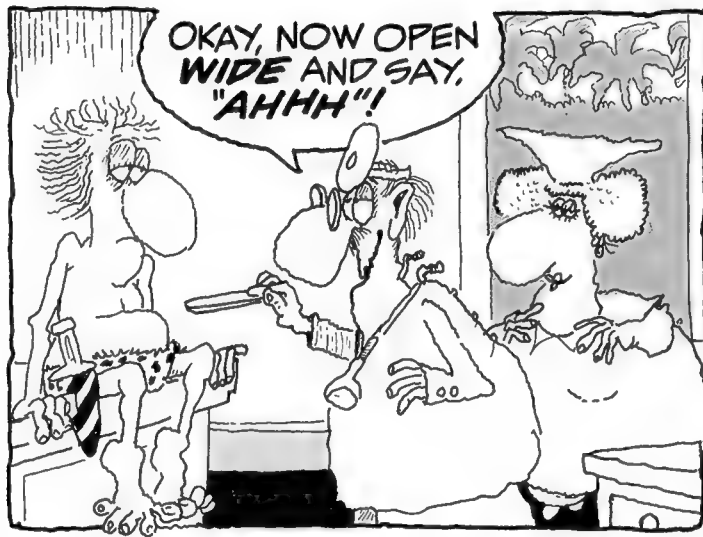
GREAT MOMENTS IN MEDICINE



WRITER NICK MEGLIN ARTIST AL JAFFEE COLORIST CARRIE STRACHAN



THE BLOODCURDLING BLUE-CROSS BROUHAHA



**YOUTH GRADUATES HIGH SCHOOL AT 7
DESPITE SEVERE DIAPER RASH**

The invention of "pampers" played an important role in the unique case of Dorky Housecall, a seven-year-old with an I.Q. in the near "genius" range who, even at this early age, has already displayed

ACNE HOLDS GENIUS BACK AT PRINCETON

**YOUNGEST MED STUDENT WON'T GRADUATE
UNTIL AFTER HIS 9th BIRTHDAY**

Dorky Housecall, appeared "not too concerned" at the turn of events leading to the setback.



**YOUNGEST DOCTOR IN MODERN HISTORY
SKIPS NOBEL PRIZE CEREMONY
TO ATTEND HIS OWN BAR MITZVAH**

Saves Lives of Three Guests

For Dorky Housecall it was "business as usual" at the celebration marking the 13-year-old doctor's Bar Mitzvah. The brilliant youth applied the Heimlich maneuver to several of his gorging guests as Rabbi John Sternbach

PUBESCENT INTERN JOINS HOSPITAL

Gifted Youth Unable to Serve with Emergo

Dorky Housecall, the "boy wonder" of the medical profession, will not be allowed to drive for five more years, thereby making him ineligible to serve on the special

**TEEN-AGE DOCTOR HAS HIS
OWN TV SERIES AT 16**

In a typical television industry turn of events, both NBC and CBS announced new changes in their Wednesday prime time schedules in an attempt to thwart the challenge of ABC's new Steve Bochco entry based on the adventures of a teenage doctor, Dorky Housecall, M.D. One network

VARIETY

**"KID DOCTOR" SHOW RATINGS
REACH BARF LEVEL**

Nation anxiously awaits MAD's amputation of...

WRITER **DICK DEBARTOLO**
ARTIST **ANGELO TORRES**

DORKY HOUSECALL, M.D.

Which patient is it, Debra?

"It's no patient! It's Dr. Dorky Housecall! The kid's out cold!"

I should have realized it was Dr. Dorky when I heard him mumbling about needing a scalpel, a syringe, and a Snickers bar!

Wasn't Dr. Dorky supposed to be delivering a baby right now?

Dr. Dorky delivered the baby fine, but he passed out when someone told him how babies were conceived!

It figures! As a doctor, Dorky's brilliant! But, as a modern teenager, he's a little slow!

Nurse, who's the stiff on the floor?

That was Dr. Dorky's next patient, but we needed the operating table to tend to Dr. Dorky himself!

I guess it doesn't matter anymore—the patient's dead!

That's no surprise! A lot of Dr. Dorky's patients suffer massive heart attacks when they realize a 16-year-old kid is going to operate on them!

Looks like your son passed out before an operation again, Dr. Housecall! I guess that's one of the disadvantages of becoming a doctor at so young an age!

Yeah, but look at it this way—my son became a doctor at 16! That means he'll be able to retire by the time he's only 21!

Are you sure he passed out, or did he just trip over those humongous sneakers he insists on wearing to the hospital?

I'm feeling much better now, nurse!

Which do you think helped more, doctor, the oxygen mask or the pulmonary resuscitation?

The Snickers bar! Man, they're radi! Now let's start our hospital rounds! Then maybe you can take me for some pizza and ice cream!

Why, are you on your way to an urgent call?

No, I'm on my way home! My parents want me home by ten o'clock, period!

And your wife's mother's maiden name? Sir, if you're going to keep passing out, we'll never get through the other 21 questions! And it's against hospital rules to admit you unless this form is filled out completely, so will you please try to cooperate? Sir? Sir? Sir?



So how's it going, son?

Well, I amputated my first finger!

Was that after I left the hospital?

No, just now, trying to cut this meat! Mom still lacks a bit in the cooking department!



Dorky, I want to talk to you about your plans for a weekend trip with your girlfriend, Wonder! Don't you think that first we ought to have a serious, man-to-man talk about the birds and the bees?

The birds and the bees? You people forget, I'm a medical school graduate!

That's exactly what we're worried about! All you learned was that clinical nonsense! We'd like you to pick up the real stuff from the kids on the street, or from your horny friend, Weinie!



C'mon, Dad, we're both doctors! We both know everything there is to know about the human reproductive process! What's the big deal about my spending a night with Wonder?

You're right! You can go away with her! But as one doctor to another, just promise me you won't put the train in the tunnel!

What train? What tunnel? We're going by car!

See? I told you Dorky needs some street learning!



I'm going away for a few days, Mr. Glitz, so I'm dropping off your medication! Here's some codeine for your chest pain, morphine for your migraines, and barbiturates to help you sleep!

Thanks, Doctor Housecall!

Do you think I can have a beer to take with me?

No way! C'mon, doc, you know that stuff's potent!

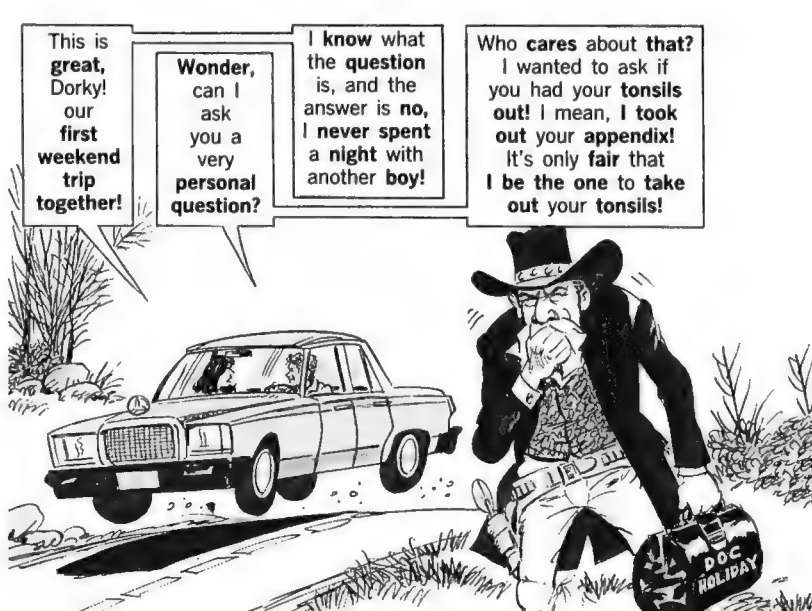


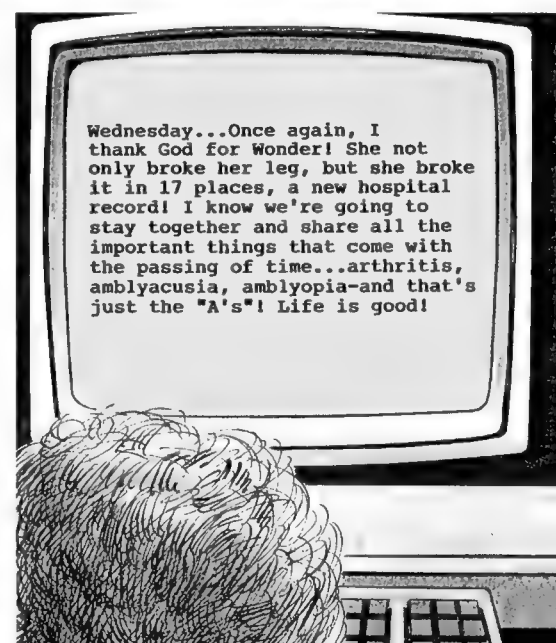
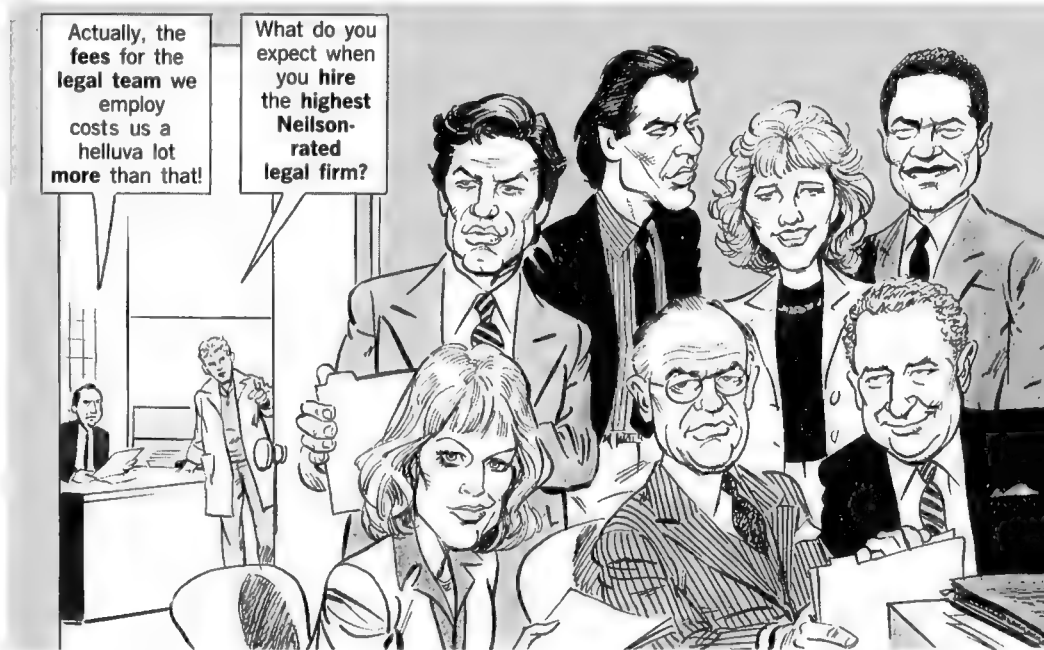
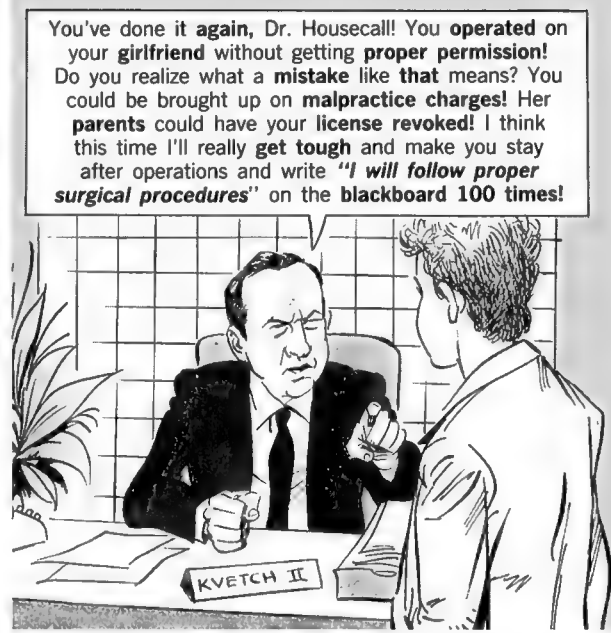
This is great, Dorky! our first weekend trip together!

Wonder, can I ask you a very personal question?

I know what the question is, and the answer is no, I never spent a night with another boy!

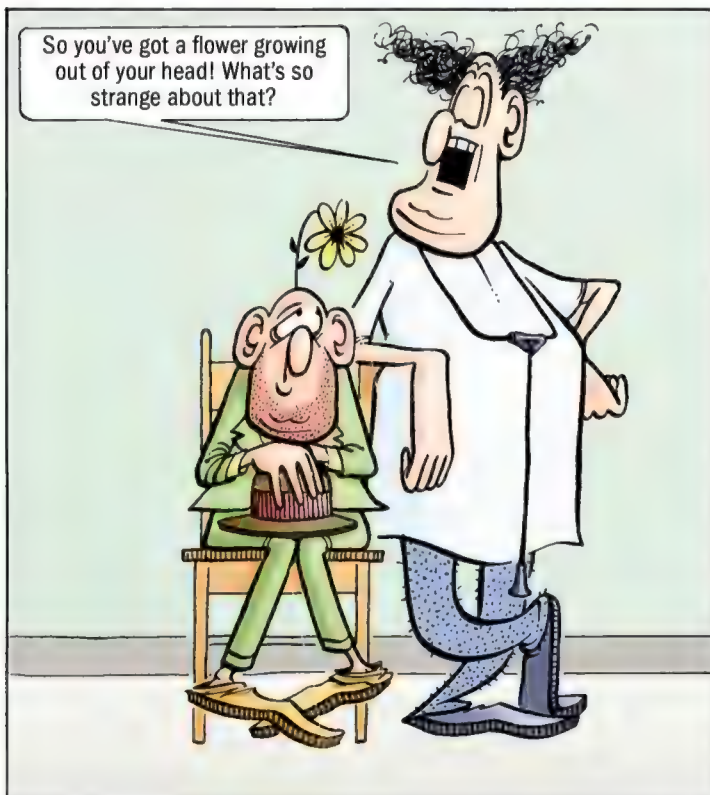
Who cares about that? I wanted to ask if you had your tonsils out! I mean, I took out your appendix! It's only fair that I be the one to take out your tonsils!





IN A DOCTOR'S OFFICE

WRITER & ARTIST DON MARTIN



Since nature has intended that man walk on all fours like the other dumb animals, staying erect most of the time causes circulation problems. Your heart is strained because it has to pump blood uphill to your head, which is why you always have that "tired feeling." To help you distribute your blood properly, with no extra strain on your heart, you can now purchase one of those new adjustable reclining

HEALTH CHAIRS

Circulation of blood is difficult for most people who must stand and/or sit upright all day at their jobs. Blood, which is supposed to be evenly throughout the body, actually settles down to the bottom parts!

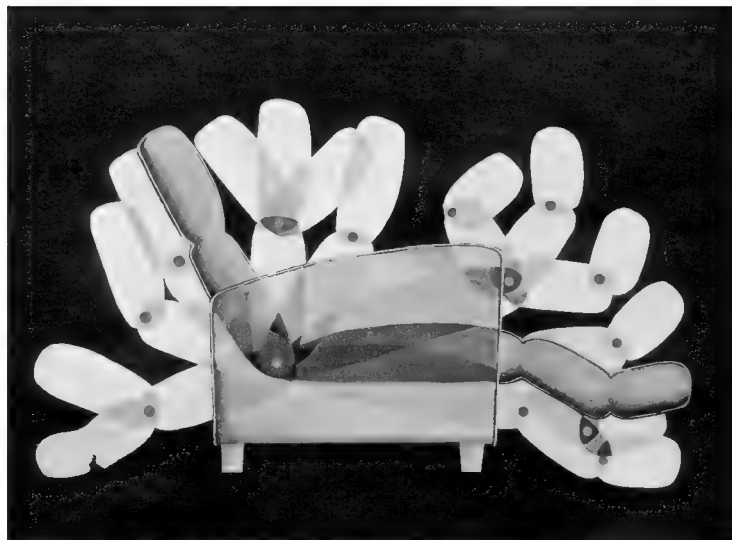
WRITER AL JAFFEE ARTIST BOB CLARKE



Blood settled in feet from too much standing.



Blood distributed slightly better from too much sitting, but still very poor.



Modern "Health Chair," showing some of the 987 positions (thus far discovered) into which it can be easily adjusted.

HOW BLOOD CIRCULATION IS IMPROVED BY THE MODERN ADJUSTABLE RECLINING HEALTH CHAIR

SUBJECT SITS down in health chair (Position 1-A) with blood, as usual, piled up at the bottom part of body.



SLIGHT TILT BACK (Position 46-S) immediately redistributes the blood, which still isn't enough in this case.



HORIZONTAL TILT (Position 122-F) spreads blood to head and revives it, but then dry legs soon become numb.



REVERSE BACK TILT (Position 171-B) completely revitalizes upper organs, but when eyes become bloodshot, stop!



FORWARD ADJUSTMENT (Position 278) should not be attempted by beginners, because mainly nobody bends that way.

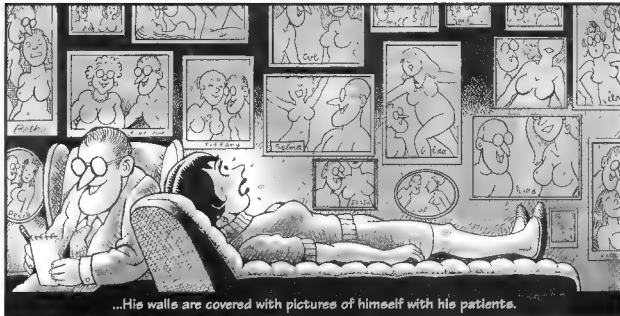


OVERALL BEST WAY (Position 711-B) distributes blood throughout body and keeps it there, while heart relaxes.

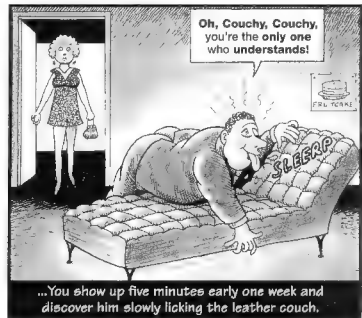
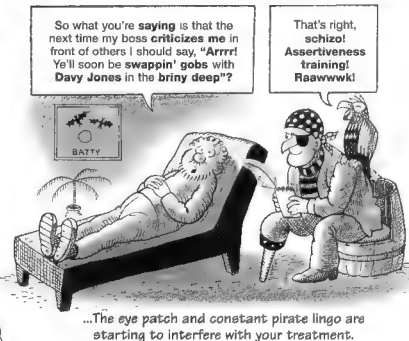
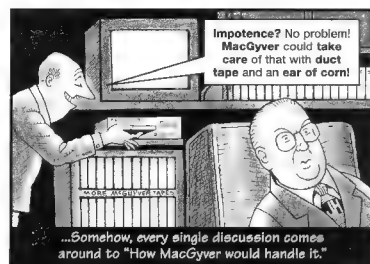
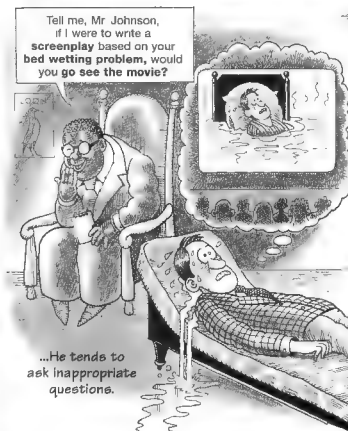
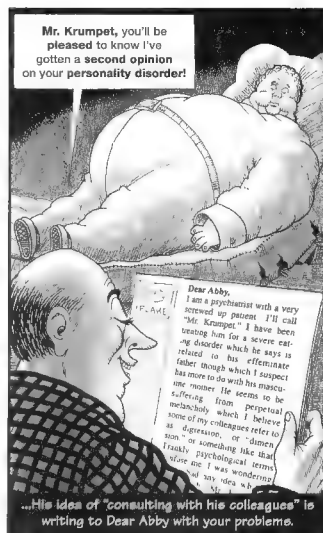
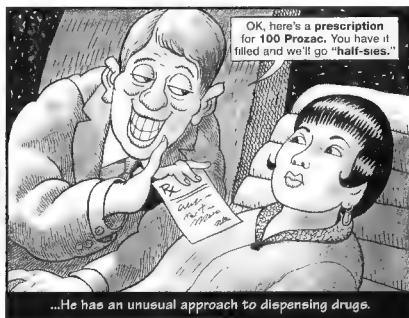
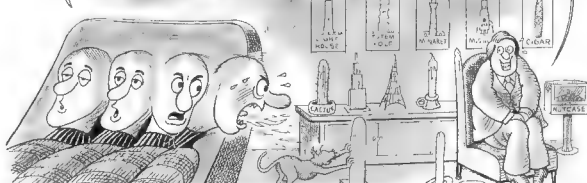


So, you've taken the first step toward mental healing by going into therapy. Too bad you probably put more thought into your last beer purchase than you did in selecting the person with whom you will share your most intimate (and perverted!) secrets! How do you know if they're qualified? How do you know if they're really helping you? How do you know if these overpaid hacks are even listening? **YOU DON'T!** But you should definitely...

GET A NEW PSYCHIATRIST IF...



Black.	Penis.	Hot.	Penis.	Good.	Penis.	Penis!	Penis!
White.	Man.	Cold.	Man.	Bad.	Man!	Man!	MAN!!!



GET A NEW PSYCHIATRIST IF...

Go on, tell me more about your ambivalent relationship with Sonic the Hedgeh - um, I mean your parents.



...At a moment of personal breakthrough, you distinctly hear the beeping noise of a Gameboy.



...When you ask him if he thinks you might be suffering from penis envy, he says, "Boo-hoo, sister - join the club!"



...When you ask his opinion about the Ritalin controversy, he says, "No way could he beat the Joker!"



...His version of Freud's revelatory technique involves curing patients by selling them fun-filled time-share vacations in Aspen.



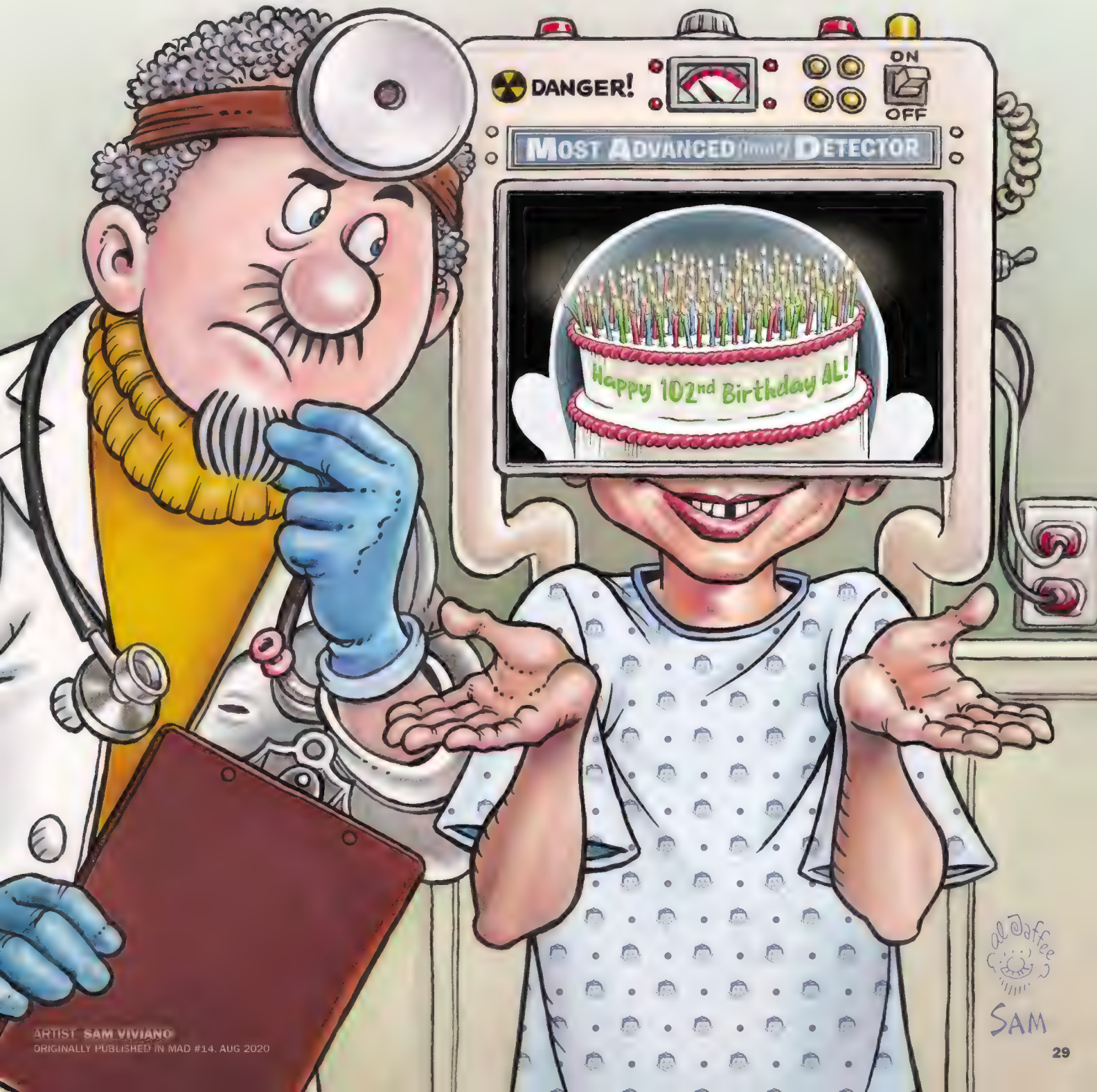
...It just doesn't ring true that every one of your problems stems from your being "Cuckoo for Cocoa Puffs."

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #361, SEP 1997



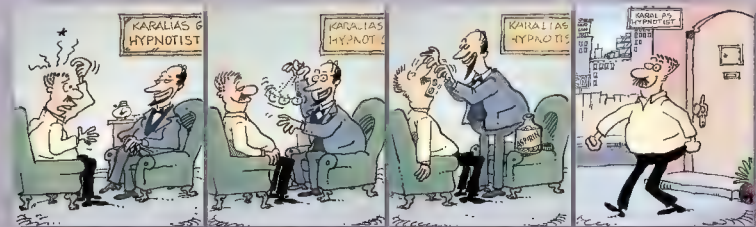
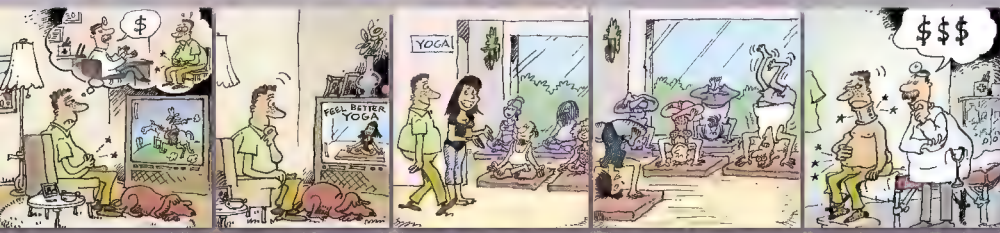
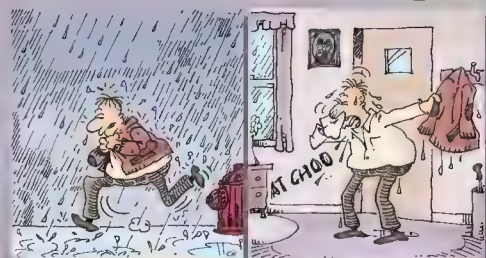
Paging Dr. Jaffee...Dr. Al Jaffee

No one likes a visit to the doctor, unless that doctor is the legendary Al Jaffee who turns 102 on March 13! But Al is no tongue depressor...he's been dispensing smiles and laughs since 1955. He's the oldest living member of the Gang of Usual Idiots, but you wouldn't know by looking at him—he doesn't look a day over 101! So if you're looking to be like Al and make it over the century mark, remember: laughter is the best medicine...but antibiotics aren't half-bad either! Happy birthday Al! Here's to 102 more years of hilarity!

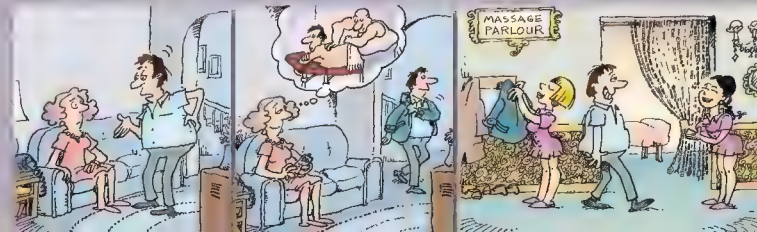


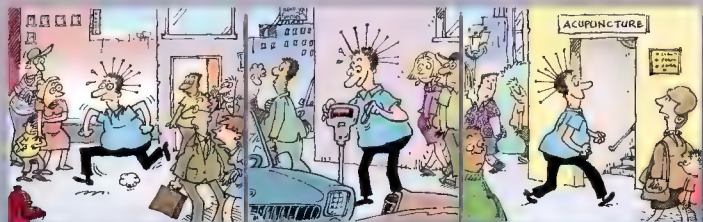
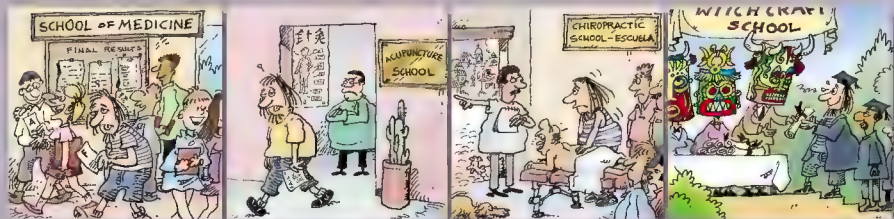
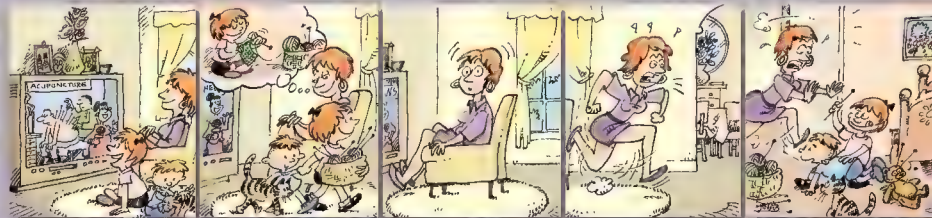
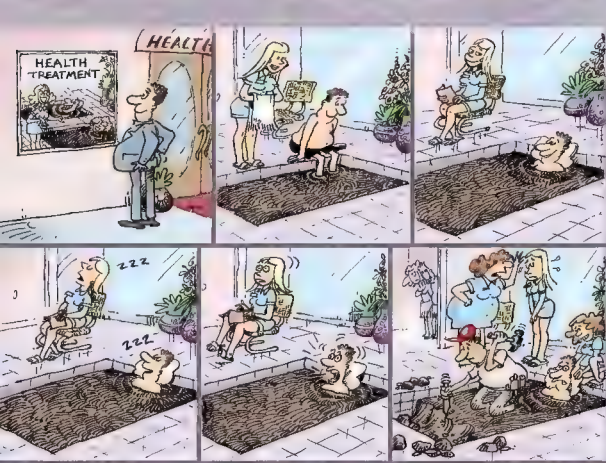
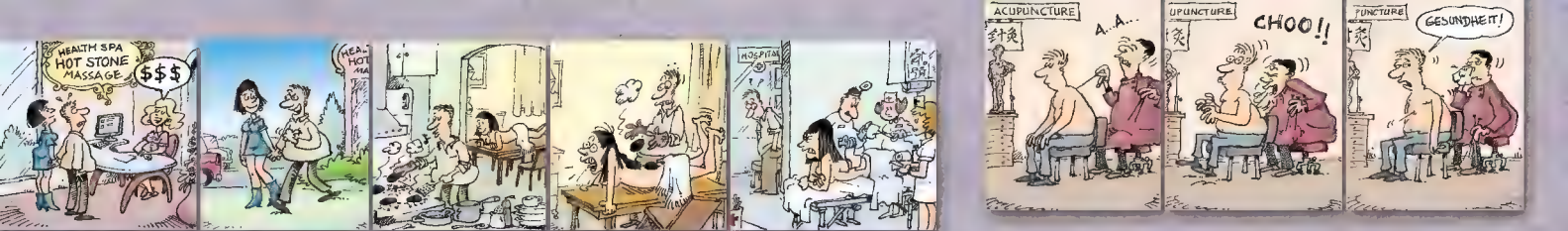
Sergio Aragones
PRESENTS

A MAD LOOK AT ALTERNATIVE MEDICINE

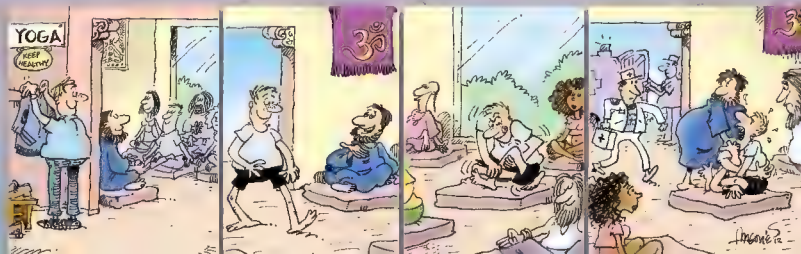


WRITER & ARTIST SERGIO ARAGONES COLORIST TOM LUTH

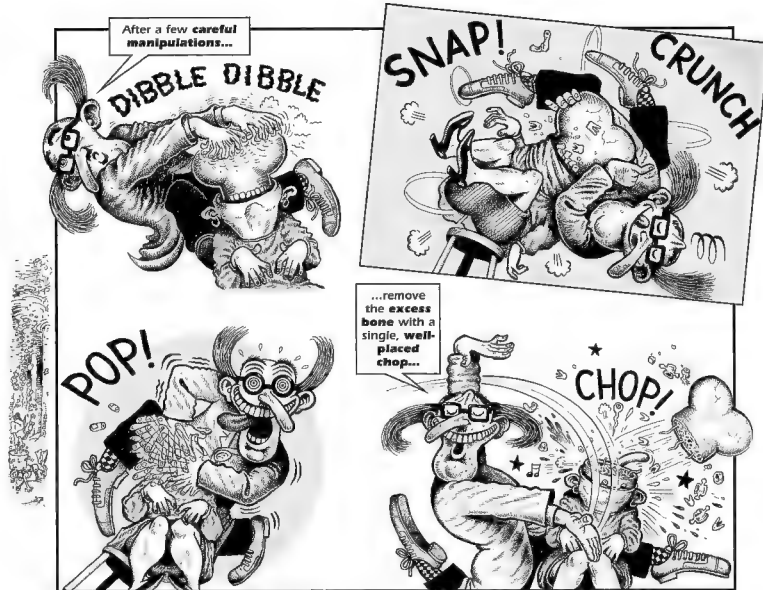
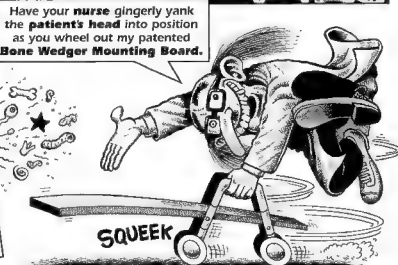
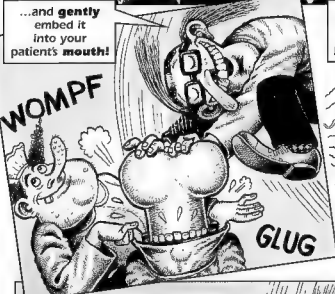
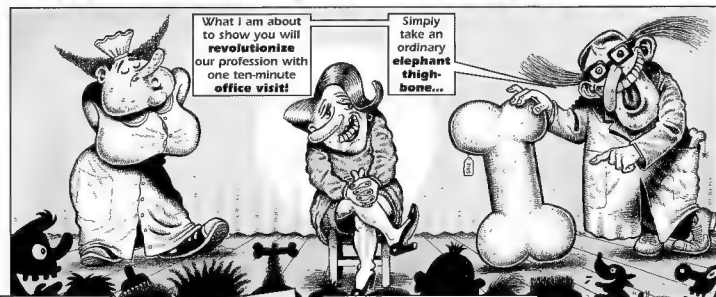




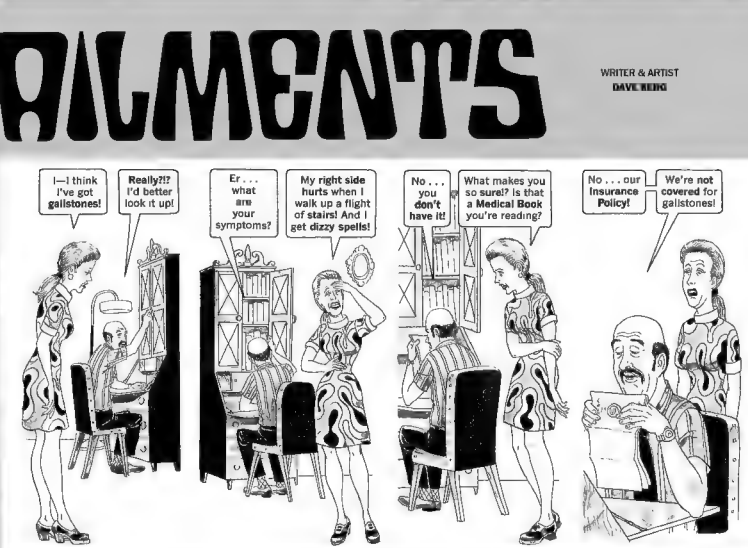
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD MAGAZINE, FEB 2003

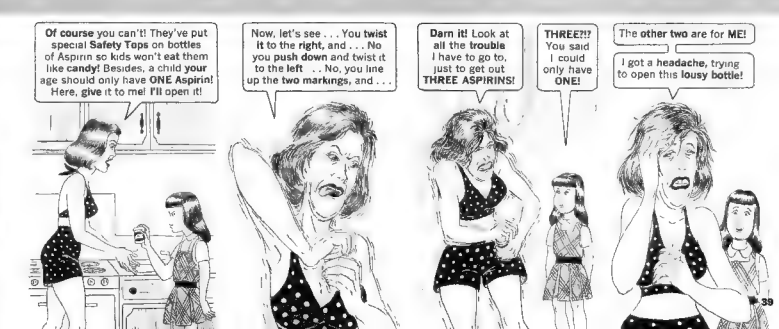
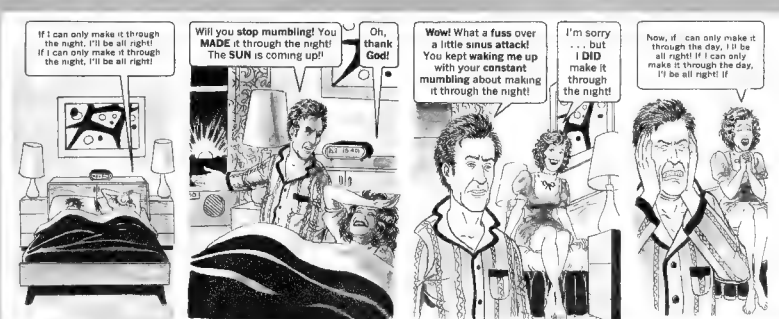
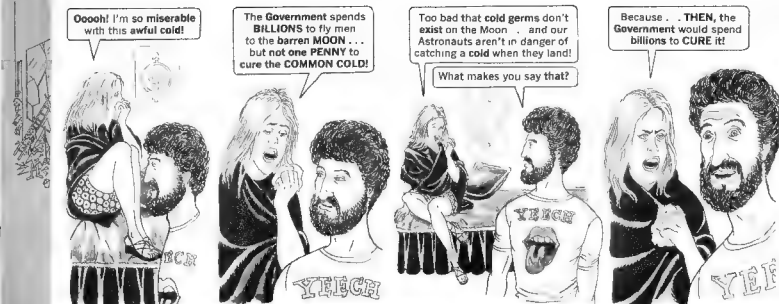
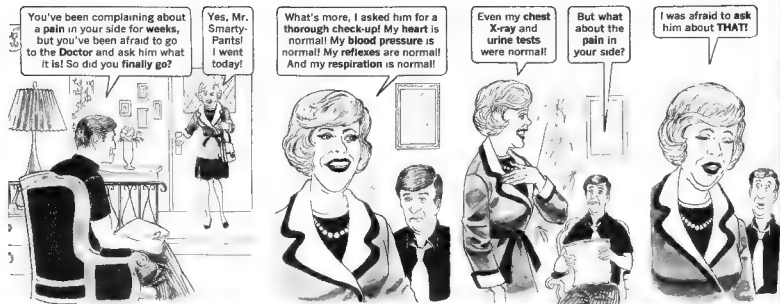


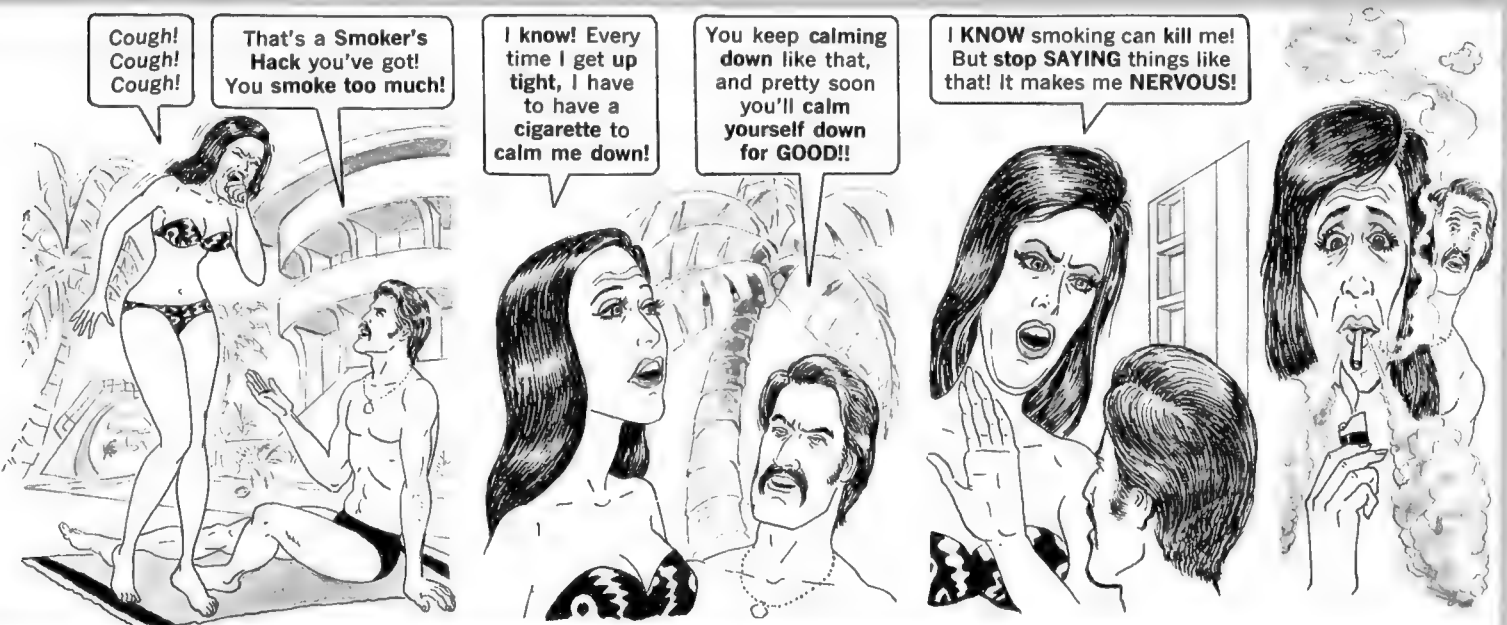
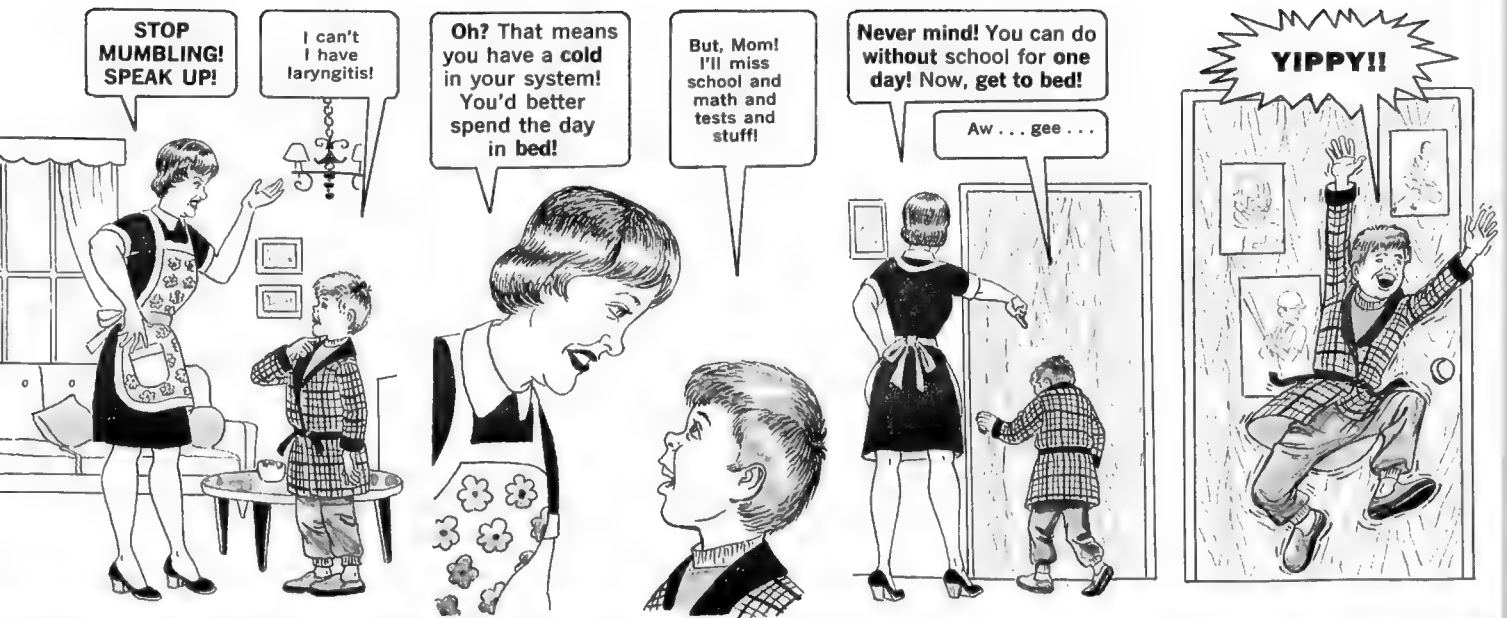
ONE FINE DAY AT THE CHIROPRACTORS' CONVENTION



ORIGINAL PUBLISHED IN MAD, JAN. 1985





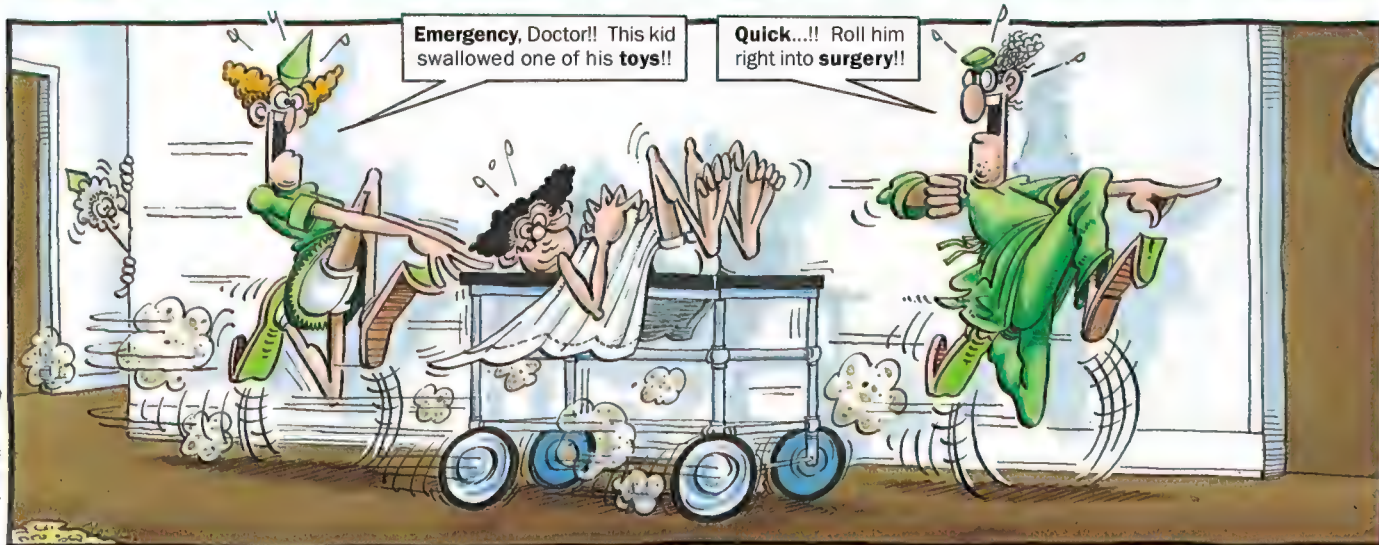


ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #167, JUN 1974





ONE BALMY MORNING IN THE OPERATION ROOM



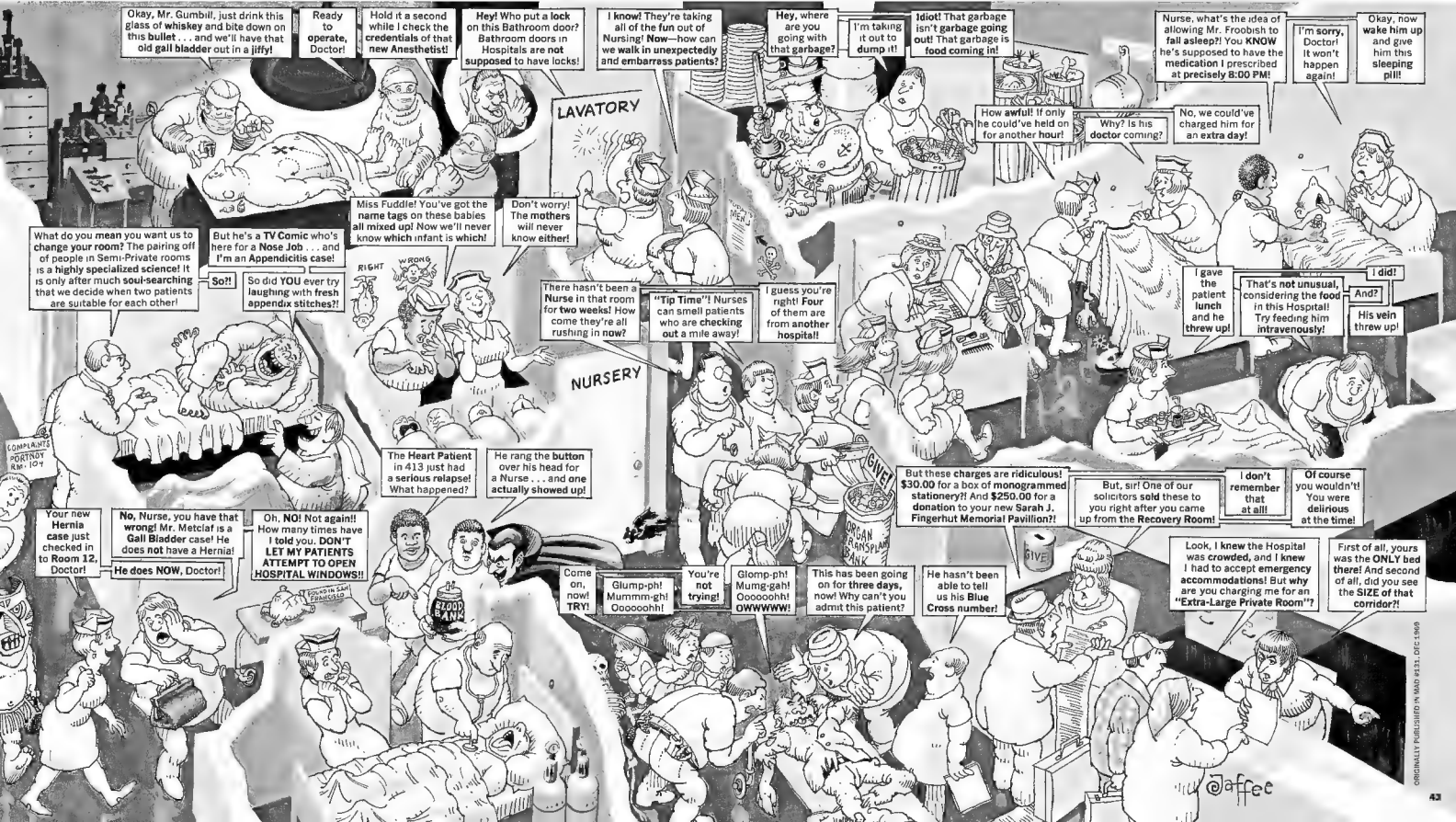
WRITER & ARTIST DON MARTIN



HERE WE GO AGAIN, GANG, WITH ANOTHER INSTALLMENT OF OUR NEW SERIES WHICH EXPLORES THE HIDDEN WORLD WHERE DEDICATED PEOPLE ARE WORKING TIRELESSLY AND SECRETLY TO MAKE OUR LIVES MISERABLE. LET'S TAKE

A MAD PEEK BEHIND THE SCENES AT A HOSPITAL

WRITER LARRY SEGEL ARTIST AL JAFFE



Okay, Mr. Gumbill, just drink this glass of whiskey and bite down on this bullet... and we'll have that old gall bladder out in a jiffy!

Ready to operate, Doctor!

Hold it a second while I check the credentials of that new Anesthetist!

Hey! Who put a lock on this Bathroom door? Bathroom doors in Hospitals are not supposed to have locks!

I know! They're taking all of the fun out of Nursing! Now—how can we walk in unexpectedly and embarrass patients?

Hey, where are you going with that garbage?

I'm taking it out to dump it!

Idiot! That garbage isn't garbage going out. That garbage is food coming in!

How awful! If only he could've held on for another hour!

Why? Is his doctor coming?

Nurse, what's the idea of allowing Mr. Froobish to fall asleep? You know he's supposed to have the medication I prescribed at precisely 8:00 PM!

I'm sorry, Doctor! It won't happen again!

Okay, now wake him up and give him this sleeping pill!

LAVATORY

Miss Fudd! You've got the name tags on these babies all mixed up! Now we'll never know which infant is which!

Don't worry! The mothers will never know either!

There hasn't been a Nurse in that room for two weeks! How come they're all rushing in now?

"Tip Time"! Nurses can smell patients who are checking out a mile away!

I guess you're right! Four of them are from another hospital!

NURSERY

The Heart Patient in 413 just had a serious relapse! What happened?

He rang the button over his head for a Nurse... and one actually showed up!

But these charges are ridiculous! \$30.00 for a box of monogrammed stationery! And \$250.00 for a donation to your new Sarah J. Fingerhut Memorial Pavilion!

But, sir! One of our solicitors said they to you right after you came up from the Recovery Room!

I don't remember that at all!

Of course you wouldn't! You were delirious at the time!

Look, I knew the Hospital was crowded, and I knew I had to accept emergency accommodations! But why are you charging me for an "Extra-Large Private Room"?

First of all, yours was the ONLY bed there! And second of all, did you see the SIZE of that corridor?

What do you mean you want us to change your room? The pairing off of people in Semi-Private rooms is a highly specialized science! It is only after much soul-searching that we decide when two patients are suitable for each other!

But he's a TV Comic who's here for a Nose Job... and I'm an Appendicitis case!

So!!

So did YOU ever try laughing with fresh appendix stitches?

RIGHT

WRONG

Your new Hernia case just checked in to Room 12, Doctor!

No, Nurse, you have that wrong! Mr. Metciaf is a Gall Bladder case! He does not have a Hernia! He does NOW, Doctor!

Oh, NO! Not again! How many times have I told you. DON'T LET MY PATIENTS ATTEMPT TO OPEN HOSPITAL WINDOWS!!

Come on, now! TRY!

Glump-gh! Mumm-gh! Oooooohh!

You're not trying!

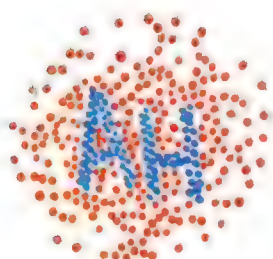
Glump-gh! Mumm-gh! Oooooohh! OWWWWW!

This has been going on for three days, now! Why can't you admit this patient?

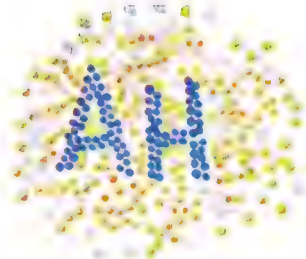
He hasn't been able to find us his Blue Cross number!

What have we got against colds?

Absolutely nothing! We love 'em!



We manufacture capsules that have these tiny red "time pills" which stop sniffles and runny nose.



They also have yellow and white "time pills" which stop sneezing and gagging and choking and yecching.



These "time pills" don't actually cure the cold — they just suppress the symptoms so you feel good.



That's how we move plenty of these capsules. You go around spreading cold germs instead of staying in bed.

CONTACT  **ALL DAY / ALL NIGHT GERM SPREADING**





We call this a "Time Capsule" because it gives you time to spread the cold.



1 CAPSULE EVERY 12 HOURS

will do nothing for you, but plenty for us. Because the more colds, the more capsules we'll move. Personal contact is needed to spread colds, but who's gonna be stupid enough to go near someone slobbering a juicy cold? Nobody! That's why we created this tricky capsule. It makes colds seem to disappear—so

COLDS SPREAD ON

CONTACT

Today's largest selling substitute for legitimate prescription cold remedies.

A MAD AD PARODY

WRITER **AL JAFFEE** ARTIST **BOB CLARKE**

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #87, JUN 1964

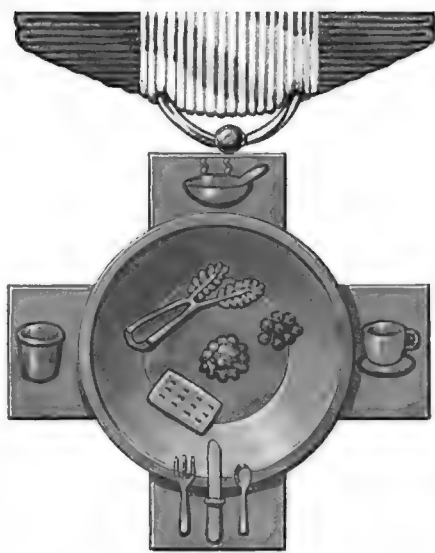


Why restrict the awarding of medals to the military? After all, civilians perform heroic acts while fighting life's daily battles as well! Let's recognize them with...

THIS ISSUE'S PROPOSED MAD MEDALS

... TO BE PRESENTED TO DESERVING MEDICAL WORKERS

THE FETID
FOOD CITATION



For bravely facing without fear the verbal wrath and physical abuse of hospital patients while courageously producing inedible food so patients won't over-eat and get tummy aches.

THE WINGED
BILL MEDAL



For promptness above and beyond belief in sending out bills so that patients need not suffer the agony of delay in arranging loans, or selling their cars or homes to raise money to pay them.

THE STONE
HEART AWARD



For gallantly treating all patients—regardless of race, color or creed—with equality . . . which means never ever showing favoritism such as being sweet, considerate and understanding.

WRITER & ARTIST **AL JAFFEE**



THE SCREAMING
SIREN MEDAL



For heroically risking life and limb in order to race patients to the hospital emergency room, even though the place is hopelessly overcrowded and the patients won't even be looked at for eight or nine hours at the least.

THE SILVER
BEDPAN AWARD



For ignoring the selfish screams of emergency patients while faithfully carrying out the vital job of filling out Blue Cross forms. As many of the patients will die, catering to their whims would be a waste of time anyway.

LITTLE-KNOWN AND RARELY DIAGNOSED MAD AILMENTS

CONTRACTED AT...
HOSPITALS

WRITER & ARTIST DUCK EDWING

"THE ADJUSTED HOSPITAL BED MOTION SICKNESS AND WIPLASH INJURY"



"THE COLD BEDPAN GOOSE BUMPS, SWEATS AND SHIVERS SYNDROME"



"THE BED-NEXT-TO-YOU NERVE-RACKING APPREHENSION AND ANGUISH PAINS"



"THE INCONSIDERATE VISITORS SMOKE SUFFOCATION ANXIETY ATTACK"



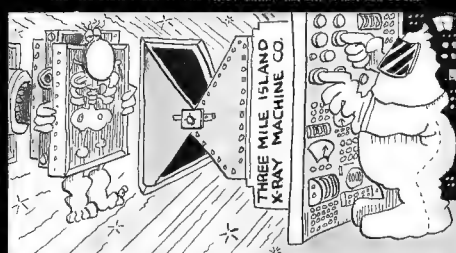
"THE EVERY-THREE-HOURS NEEDLE PUNCTURE ANTICIPATION FRENZY"



"THE MORNING ROUNDS DOCTOR HUBBLE NEEBIE-JEBBIES"



"THE 'WE DIDN'T GET IT THE FIRST TIME' REPEAT X-RAY EXPOSURE"



"THE WELL-MEANING FRIENDS' FLOWERY BED CRUSH AND POLLEN POISONING"



"THE COLD, BLAND, DISGUSTING HOSPITAL FOOD NAUSEA SEIZURE"



"THE DISCHARGE DAY ACCOUNTING OFFICE SEIZURE AND RELAPSE"



We're going to put you to sleep now.

Where's the anesthetologist?

No anesthetologist necessary! You'll be listening to the voice-over of Dr. Merrileis Groin, who opens each episode!

It was either Margaret Thatcher or Angelina Jolie who said, "Life is not easy." It kicks you in the belly, hits you upside the head and toys with your mind like a warped Frisbee twirling in the sooty skies over Scranton, Pa.

Okay, that did it! He's out! Fast asleep! Let's proceed with...

GROIN'S MONOTONY

WRITER ARNIE NOGÉN ARTIST TOM RICHMOND

CAUTION

The following MAD satire, taken even in small doses, has been known to cause nausea, bloating, night-sweats, intermittent vomiting, and testicular realignment. Should you experience any of these symptoms, consult a physician immediately. (Hopefully the doctor you choose will be more competent and less sex-crazed than the ones portrayed each week on this show!)

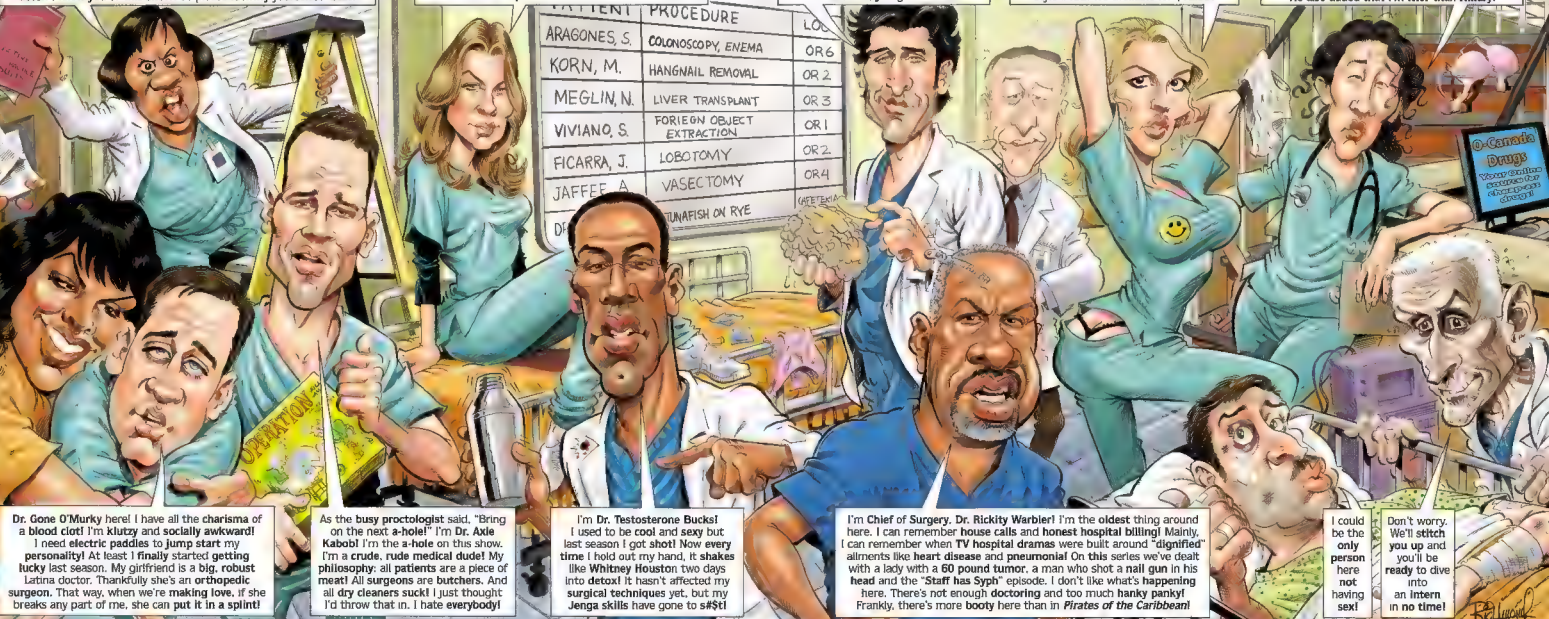
There are four rules here at Seattle Gross. Memorize them! Rule #1: patients do not suffer at this hospital — only Interns suffer! And I will personally see to it that you do! Rule #2: you are professionals. Act like it! If you misdiagnose a patient and that patient dies, "Oops, my bad" is not an acceptable explanation to offer the grieving family! Rule #3: Interns and surgeons who have sex with each other must scrub up before and after each quickie! Rule #4: even though this show has grabbed like a zillion Emmy nominations, the typical MAD reader doesn't know you or this show! So please identify yourselves! Stat!

I'm Dr. Merrileis Groin! I seem to be the focus of a lot of attention at the hospital. I guess it's because my mother was a famous surgeon here. I have big, sensible shoes to fill! I wanted this career since I was seven years old. I got my wish. All the other kids played "Doctor." I played "Moody Seattle Intern!" My colleagues are doctors first, but we're also human. We deal with issues like dating and lust and jealousy. Basically, this show is *Desperate Housewives* with IV tubes!

There are three things certain in life: death, taxes and every medical show has a hunk. That's me! I'm the hottie! I'm this decade's George Clooney! I'm neurosurgeon Dr. Drek Sheppy! When it comes to brain surgery, I'm on top! When it comes to low patient mortality rates, I'm on top! When it comes to women, well, you get the idea!

I'm Dr. Easy Pickens! With a career and personal life I have a lot to jiggle, er, I mean juggle! I have a big problem. Because I was once a smokin' hot underwear model people don't take me seriously as a doctor. It so happens I'm a dedicated physician and surgeon. Incidentally, under this scrub gown I'm wearing a lace thong, style #4321. It's available for \$12.95!

Dr. Crustina Bang! Ruthless, abrasive, hostile, competitive! Want more adjectives? Get them yourself! I'm sort of the media darling of this series. Why? Great range. I can do 12 variations of "pissed." Personality? I'm colder than Greenland! Incidentally, Al Gore is a big fan. He says no matter how bad global warming gets I'm the one thing on Earth that will never thaw! He also added that I'm klier than Hillary!



Dr. Gore O'Murky here! I have all the charisma of a blood clot! I'm klutzy and socially awkward! I need electric paddles to jump start my personality! At least I finally started getting lucky last season. My girlfriend is a big, robust Latina doctor. Thankfully she's an orthopedic surgeon. That way, when we're making love, if she breaks any part of me, she can put it in a splint!

As the busy proctologist said, "Bring on the next s-hole!" I'm Dr. Aole Kabohl! I'm the s-hole on this show. I'm a crude, rude medical dude! My philosophy: all patients are a piece of meat! All surgeons are butchers. And all dry cleaners suck! I just thought I'd throw that in. I hate everybody!

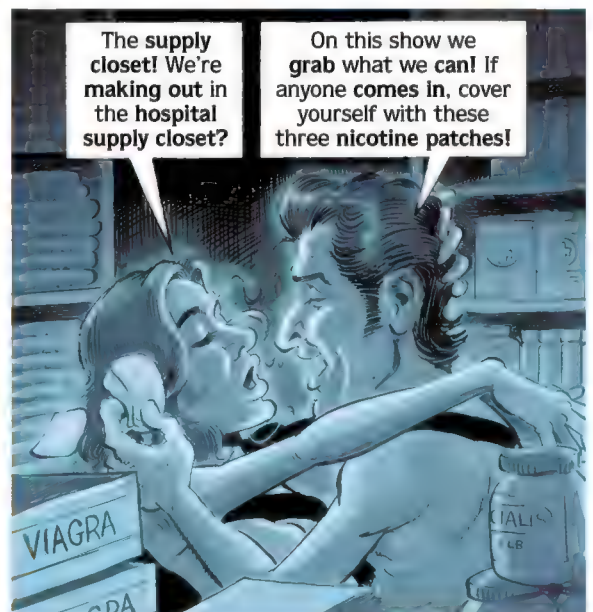
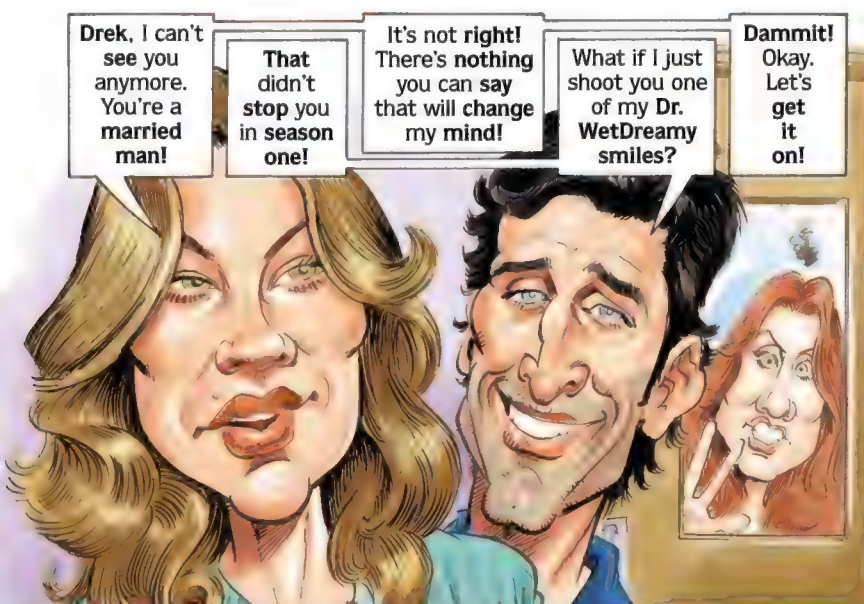
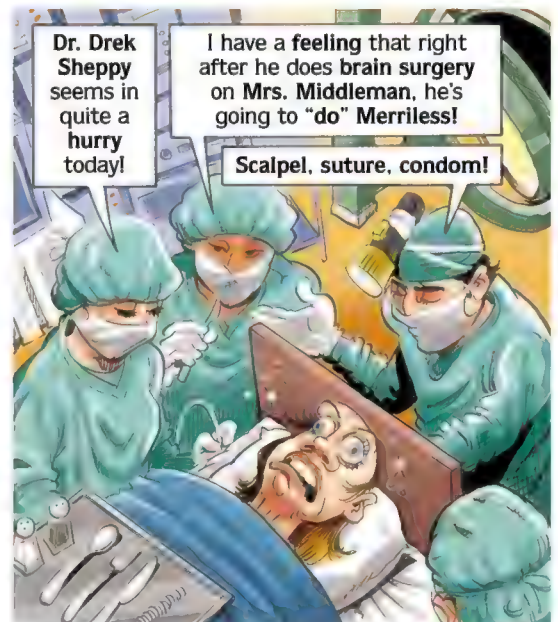
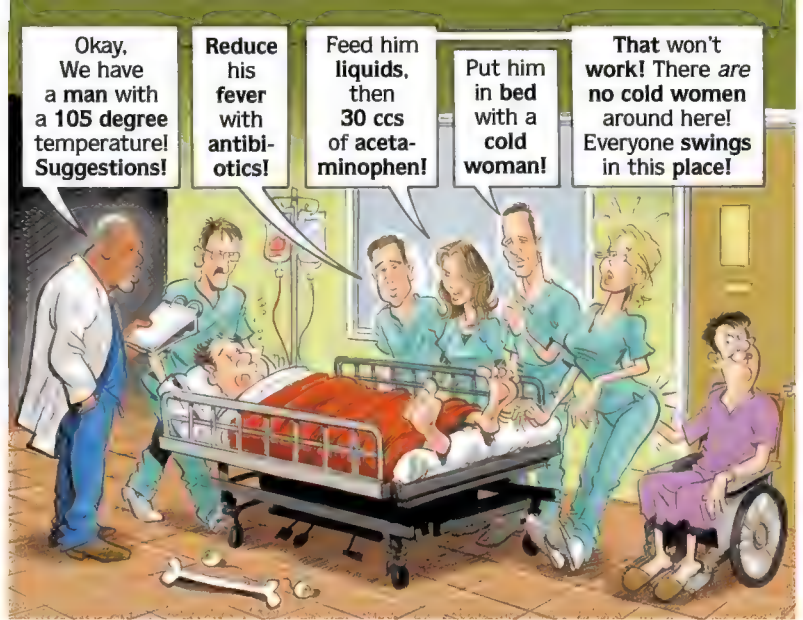
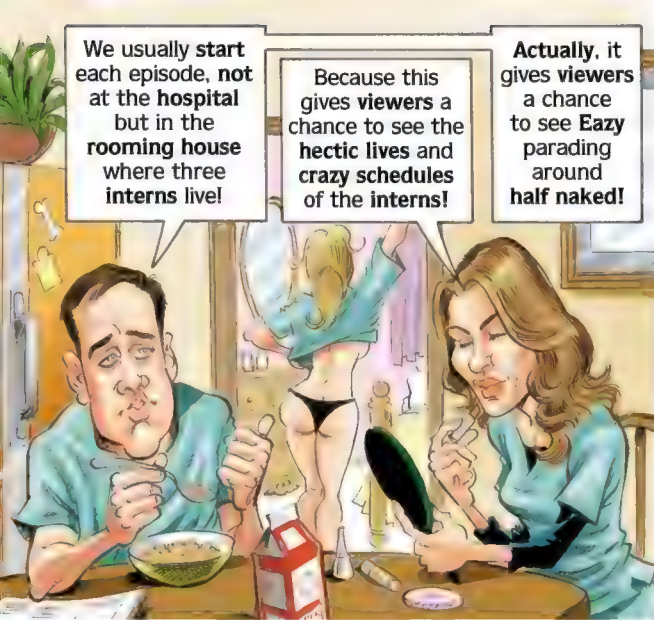
I'm Dr. Testosterone Bucks! I used to be cool and sexy but last season I got shot! Now every time I hold out my hand, it shakes like Whitney Houston two days into detox! It hasn't affected my surgical techniques yet, but my Jenga skills have gone to s\$ft!

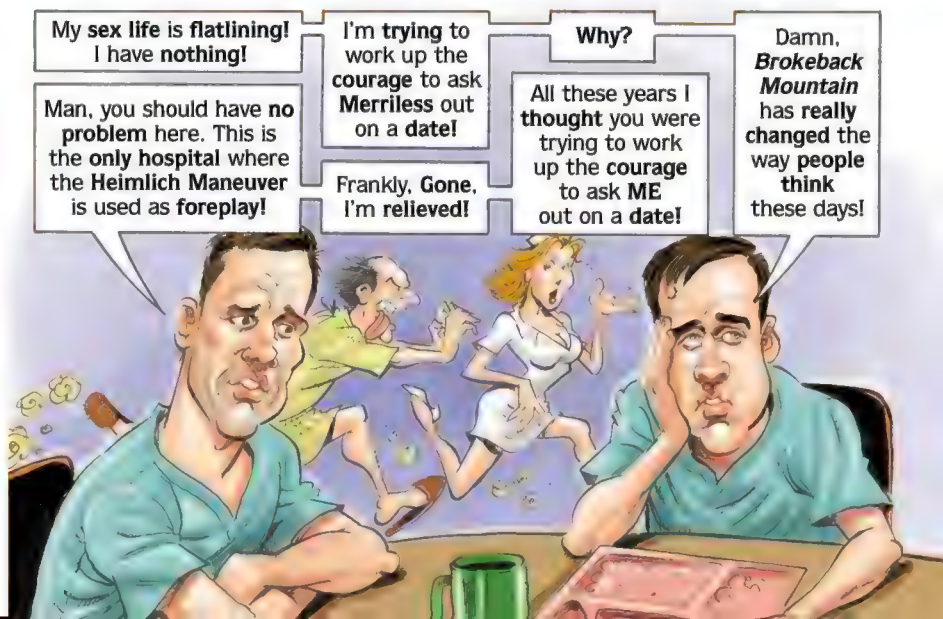
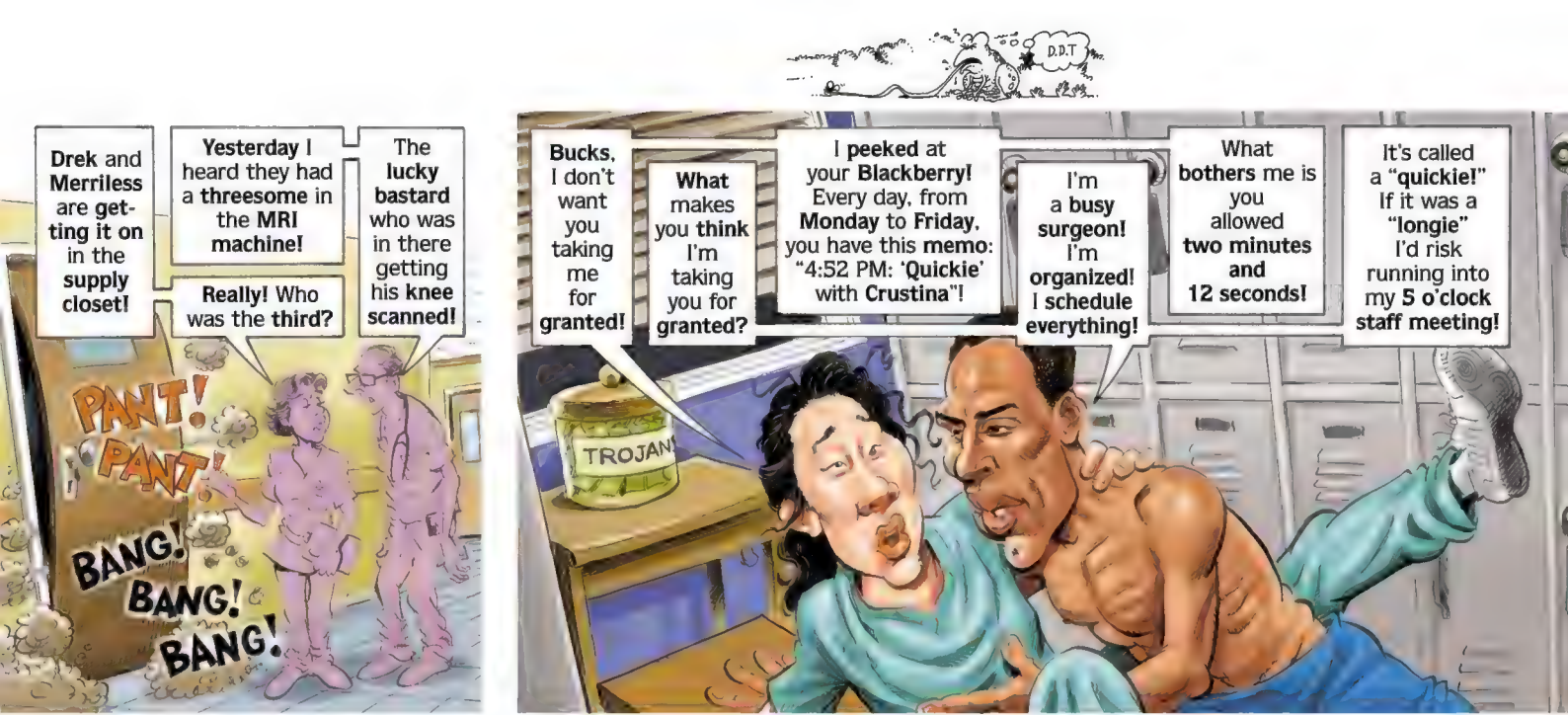
I'm Chief of Surgery, Dr. Rickity Warbler! I'm the oldest thing around here. I can remember house calls and honest hospital billing! Mainly, I can remember when TV hospital dramas were built around "dignified ailments like heart disease and pneumonia! On this series we've dealt with a lady with a 60 pound tumor, a man who shot a nail gun in his head and the "Staff has Syph" episode. I don't like what's happening here. There's not enough doctoring and too much hanky panky! Frankly, there's more booty here than in *Pirates of the Caribbean*!

I could be the only person here not having sex!

Don't worry. We'll stitch you up and you'll be ready to dive into an inter in no time!

Ref: [Signature]





Seems a lot of us at Seattle Gross have been given nicknames! Drek is "Dr. WetDreamy," Bully is "The Nutsy" and Gone is "007, License to Ill" after he bungled a surgery and a patient died!

Nicknames are moronic! I don't have time for that nonsense! Thank goodness I don't have one!

Yeah. Catch you later, "Dr. Ballbreaker"!

Sure. See you in the cafeteria, "Dr. Bug-up-her-butt"!



Mom, I know you have rapidly degenerating Alzheimer's disease, but I came to cheer you up!

I don't remember much, but this much I do remember — you couldn't cheer up a robin on prozac!



I have to leave you now to perform surgery! I have a radical cholecystectomy scheduled at 10 A.M.!

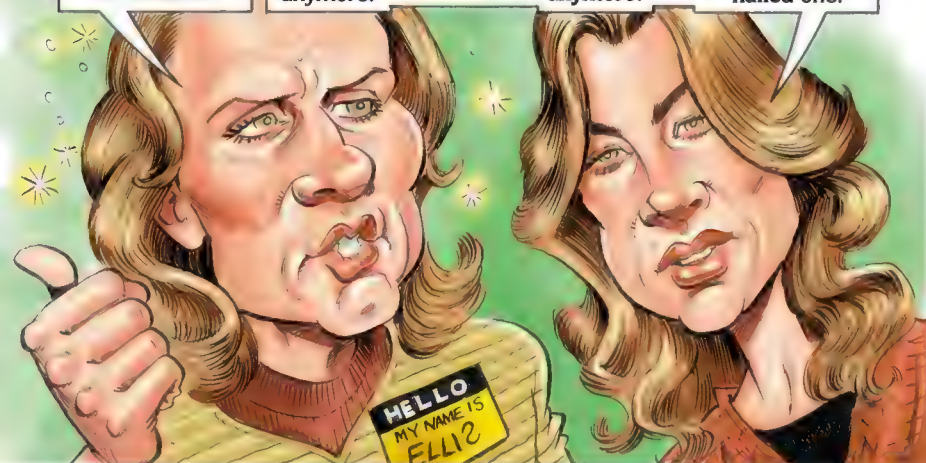
Mom, there's no surgery! You're not a surgeon anymore!

And then I have to make dinner for my husband!

No, Mom. Dad is not around anymore!

And then he's taking me out to a Seattle Supersonics game. He said the Sonics suck!

Okay, Mom! You nailed one!

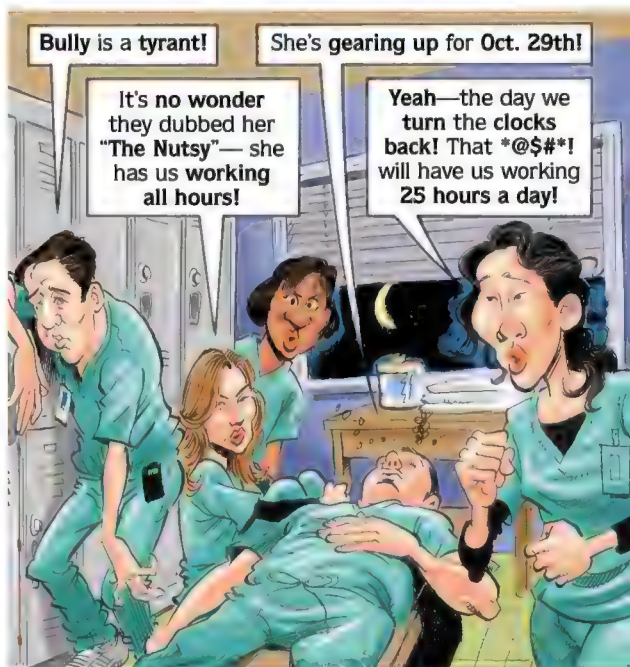


Bully is a tyrant!

She's gearing up for Oct. 29th!

It's no wonder they dubbed her "The Nutsy"—she has us working all hours!

Yeah—the day we turn the clocks back! That @\$#! will have us working 25 hours a day!



You all think I'm a ball-breaking Mama, but I'm here to help you survive as doctors! You're going to be surgeons! This is to toughen you up for the tasks ahead!

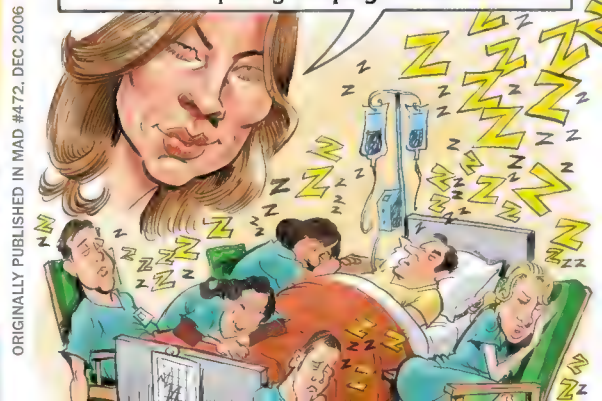
A surgeon needs strength to figure out tax loopholes! A surgeon needs stamina to negotiate for that \$90,000 Beemer! A surgeon needs mental toughness to turn off that cell phone so that patients' emergency calls can be ignored while you're having an apple martini at the beach house! I'm here to do all that for you!

We were wrong about her!

She has our backs!



So this episode is over and I have to tie things up with a pithy closing narration! Here goes: It was William Shakespeare or Taylor Hicks who said, "All's well that ends well." My mom is still ill and my affair with Drek is shaky, but I did take 3rd place in a Renée Zellweger look-alike contest! Maybe next week I'll have something viewers REALLY want to hear me say — that the network's pulling the plug on this show!



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #472, DEC 2006



MAD'S MEDICAL MOTHER GOOSE



Written by Larry Siegel Illustrated by Al Jaffee





Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall:
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
The Doctor arrived and he took out his pen
And said, "Have you ever had measles, mumps,
chicken pox, heart trouble, athlete's foot,
diabetes, scarlet fever, an operation—
And has anyone in your family ever had
gout, beri-beri, scurvy, bursitis or acne—
And if so, when?"



Rug-a-dug-dug,
A man's got a bug
Which puzzles his family M.D.
Bronchitis, Neuritis?
Acute Tonsillitis?
He'll say it's a Virus—you'll see!



Choosie Dr. Stander,
Whither do you wander?
Into my waiting room,
To give the folks a gander!
If I see an old man
Here on "Medicare",
I'll grab him by his bad arm
And kick him off the chair!



Apractor, a proctor, a visiting Doctor:
What makes your fee so high?
My Golf Course rates are going up
The middle of July!



There was an old woman who lived in a shoe:
She had so many children, she didn't know what to do.
Her Doc prescribed pills, but they cost too much loot—
So she's still having kids, but she's moved to a boot.



Pain, pain,
Go away!
Doctor's in D.C. today—
Lobbying for the A.M.A.!



Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?
Under the scalpel of Dr. McQueen!
Pussy cat, pussy cat, what did he do?
I've grown fat and lazy—that'll give you a clue!



This little Doctor is solemn:
This Doctor shows no emotion
When he's prescribing a pill:
But all of these Doctors go,
"Whee, whee, whee, whee!"
Whenever they make out a bill!

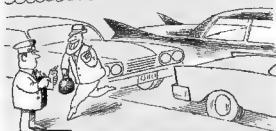


What-an-ache, what-an-ache,
Doctor Mann!
I just got hit by a
Black sedan!
Thumb's scraped,
And wrist's skinned,
And fingernail is black—
And would you please tell All-State
I've got a bad back?



Sing a song of sickness:
In a bed I lie.
Four-and-twenty Specialists
Always going by.
When the door is open,
A Nurse walks in the place.
Must they send a dainty dish
When I'm a prostate case!

BOWLING



Twinkle, twinkle, man with star:
Officer, don't tag my car!
Though it's double-parked and waits—
Can't you see my "M.D." plates?



Polly, fill this bottle up;
Polly, fill this bottle up;
Polly, fill this bottle up,
And I don't want tea!



Old Doc Cole is a wealthy old soul.
And he finds his job is a breeze.
He can't tell a boil
From a wart or mole—
He got rich splitting Specialists' fees.

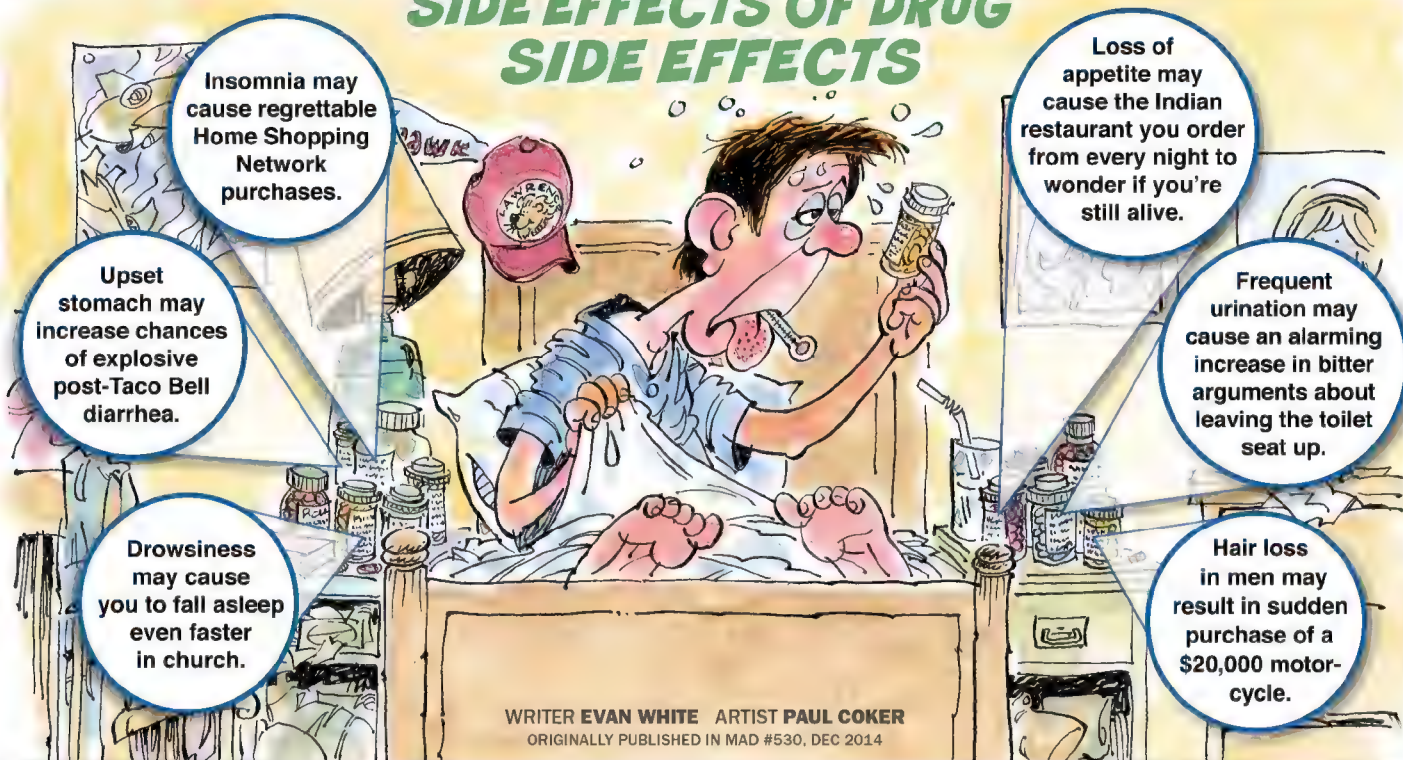


Georgie Porgie, pudding and pie,
Kissed a girl and made her cry.
For spurning him, her mother socked her—
George is studying to be a Doctor!



THE FINAL DOSE

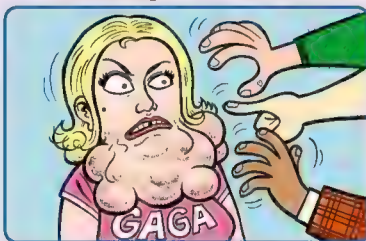
SIDE EFFECTS OF DRUG SIDE EFFECTS



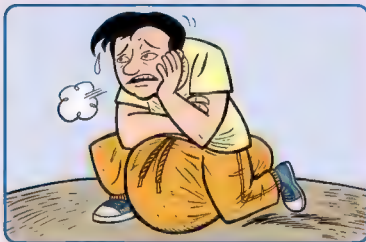
MEDICAL SHOWS COMING TO TLC

ARTIST EVAN DORKIN
COLORIST SARAH DYER

"Leave My Goiter Alone"



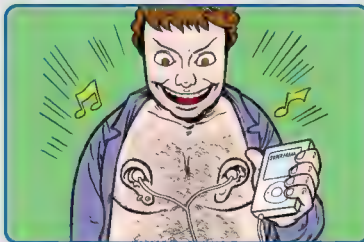
"That's One Big Ball Sack"



"My Baby Has a Hitler Moustache"



"You Won't Believe Where My Ears Are"



—PLUS—

COMING NEXT SEASON...

Where Are My Nustrels?
My Tongue Is Trying to Kill Me
I Can't Stop My Hair
The Man Who Couldn't Stop Wiping
There's a Fork in My Eye
I Have Phantom Testicles
I Survived an Autopsy
Born with Antlers
Paralyzed from the Toe Down
Some Jackass With Niccups
Sextuplets Who Married Septuplets
and Had Octuplets
The Man Who Sweats Pudding
Colonoscopy Bloopers
& Practical Jokes

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WHAT
FOOD-BORNE
ILLNESS ARE
MILLIONS OF PEOPLE
SUFFERING FROM?

HERE WE GO WITH AN ALL-NEW **MAD FOLD-IN**

Just when things feel like they're getting back to normal, a new ailment is afflicting people across the country. No mask is going to save you from this one! In fact, you might just want to suck it up and get it over with. To see what's making people sick now, fold in as shown.

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD



JUST AS THE PANDEMIC SUBSIDES, A NEW
STRAIN IS SPREADING LIKE WILDFIRE. THIS SICK-
NESS IS HARD TO AVOID. SHOULD YOU EVER
SHOW SYMPTOMS, YOU'LL BE SH*T OUT OF LUCK!

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A



B



A

B

EG3
←

EMERGENCY

EG5
→

EG4

I'M GONNA
NEED A
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WRITER & ARTIST: JOHNNY KAMPSON

A

B

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WRITER & ARTIST JOHNNY CAMPBELL

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B

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HERE WE GO WITH AN ALL-NEW
MAD FOLD-IN

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD

A



B



A

B

EG3

EMERGENCY

EG5



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SHOW SYMPTOMS, YOU'D BE SHOOTING FOR LUCK!

A

B

WHAT
FOOD-BORNE
ILLNESS ARE
MILLIONS OF PEOPLE
SUFFERING FROM?

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD

A



B



A

B

EGGS



STICK-
ER
SHOCK!

A

B



PRESENTING THE BILL—reproduced here, is one of a series of original oil paintings, "Practising Medicine For Fun and Profit", commissioned by Park-David.

Great Moments in Medicine

Once the crisis has passed . . . once the patient has regained his strength . . . once the family is relieved and grateful . . . that's the time when the physician experiences one of the great moments in medicine. In fact, the *greatest moment* in medicine! Mainly, the moment when he presents his bill! That's the time when all of the years of training and study and work seem worthwhile. And there's always the chance that the shock might mean more business for him!

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A MAD AD PARODY
ARTIST KELLY FREAS

PARK-DAVID

... *Pioneers in bigger medical bills*

DRAWN OUT DRAMAS

BY
SERGIO ARAGONES



MAD

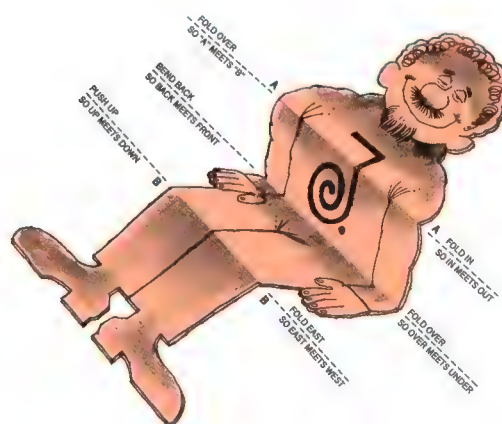
DIGITAL EDITION

BONUS MATERIAL!

We pulled your chart and diagnosed that you need another shot of satire. Enjoy "LOUSE S.O.B.," from MAD #462, February 2006. Hopefully this will cure your MAD malady!



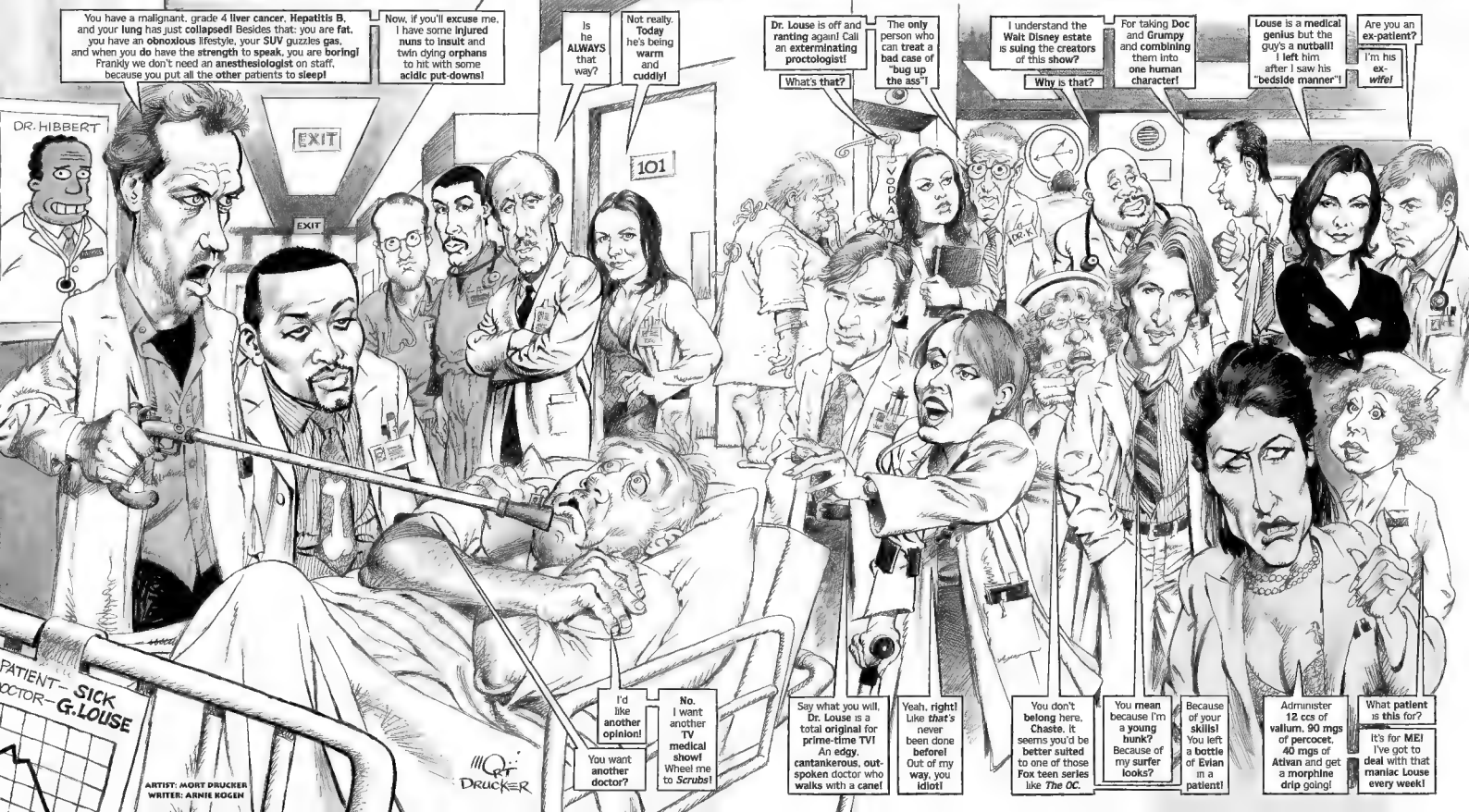
We go way back into the MAD time machine and pulled the fold-in from 1967's MAD #109. As always, creator Al Jaffee proves prophetic with his take on big pharma's corrupt control.



The Fox network seems to be successful with two types of shows. One is teen-oriented series like *The OC* and *That '70s Show*. The other is shows featuring bitter middle-aged men. Simon Cowell on *American Idol* is one of them and this guy, who makes Simon look like the Pillsbury Doughboy, is another. He stars in a new medical mystery. He's angry, he's brooding, he's unshaven, meet...

LOUSE

S.O.B.



You have a malignant, grade 4 liver cancer, Hepatitis B, and your lung has just collapsed! Besides that, you are fat, you have an obnoxious lifestyle, your SUV guzzles gas, and when you do have the strength to speak, you are boring! Frankly we don't need an anesthesiologist on staff, because you put all the other patients to sleep!

Now, if you'll excuse me, I have some injured nuns to insult and twin dying orphans to hit with some acidic put-downs!

Is he ALWAYS that way?

Not really. Today he's being warm and cuddly!

Dr. Louise is off and ranting again! Call an exterminating proctologist!

The only person who can treat a bad case of 'bug up the ass'!

What's that?

I understand the Walt Disney estate is suing the creators of this show?

Why is that?

For taking Doc and Grumpy and combining them into one human character!

Louise is a medical genius but the guy's a nutball! I left him after I saw his 'bedside manner'!

Are you an ex-patient? I'm his ex-wife!



PATIENT - SICK DOCTOR - G. LOUISE

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: ARNIE ROSEN

DRUCKER

I'd like another opinion!

No. I want another TV medical show! Wheel me to Scrubs!

Say what you will, Dr. Louise is a total original for prime-time TV! An edgy, cantankerous, out-spoken doctor who walks with a cane!

Yeah, right! Like that's never been done before! Out of my way, you idiot!

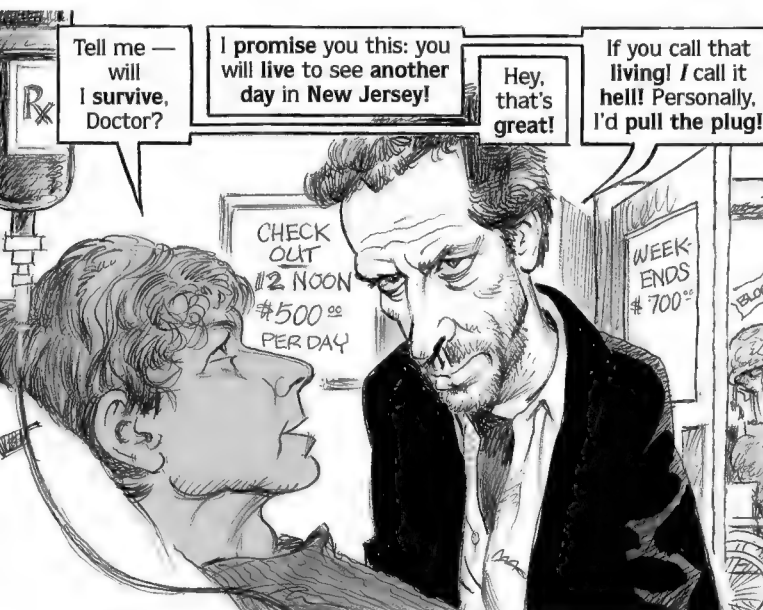
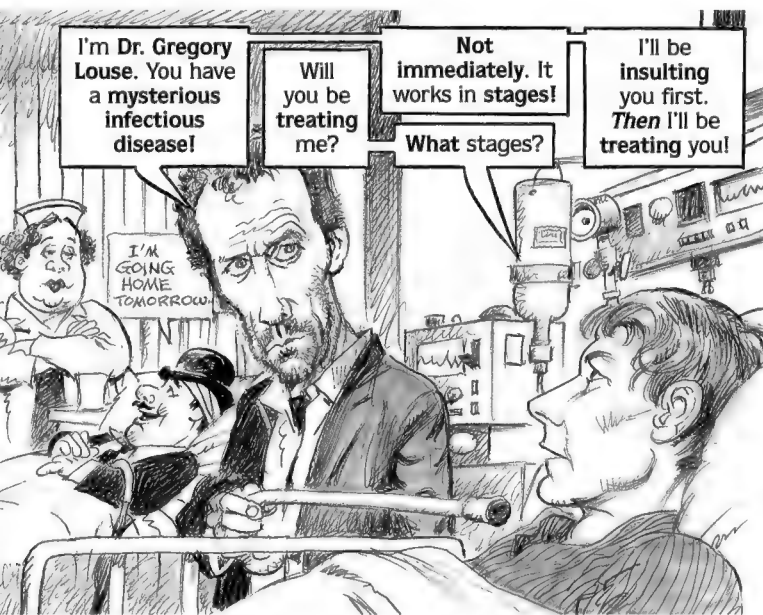
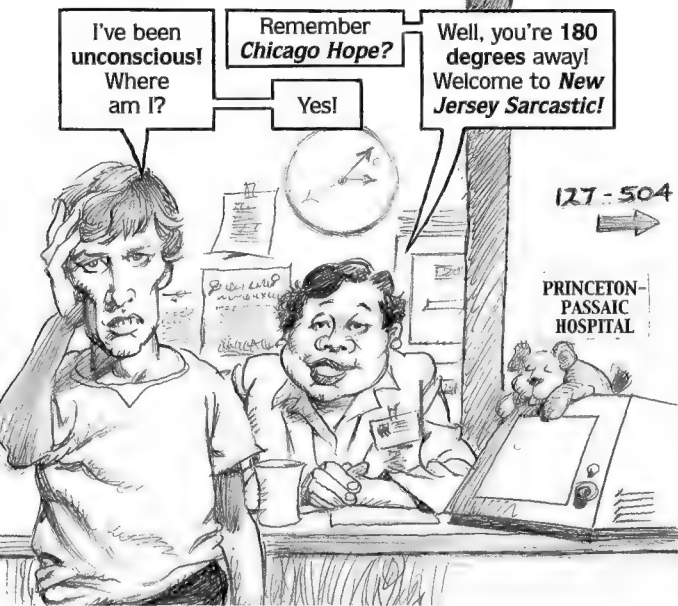
You don't belong here, Chaste. It seems you'd be better suited to one of those Fox teen series like *The OC*.

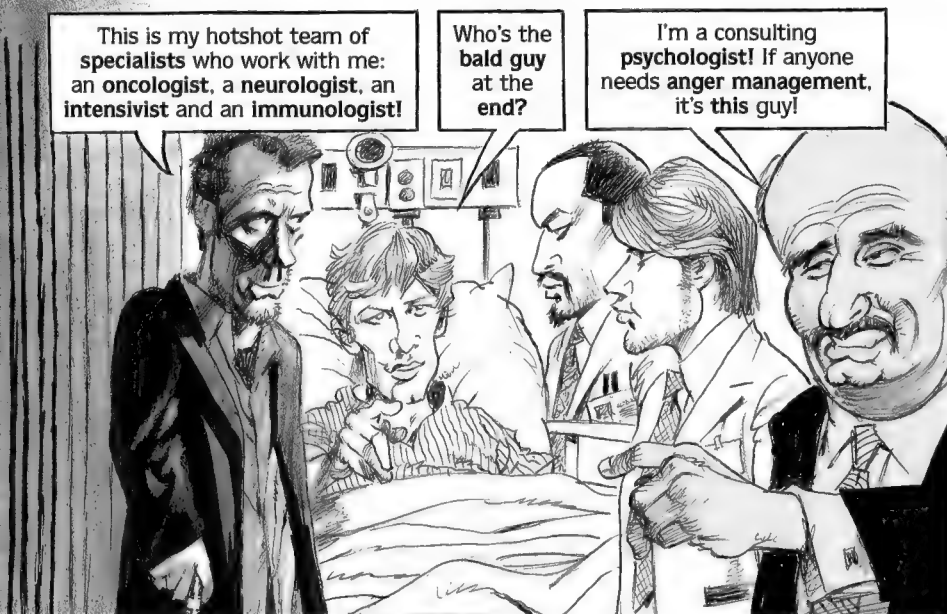
You mean because I'm a young hunk? Because of my surfer looks?

Because of your skills! You left a bottle of Evian in a patient!

Administer 12 cc's of valium. 90 mgs of percoet. 40 mgs of Ativan and get a morphine drip going!

What patient is this for? It's for ME! I've got to deal with that manic Louise every week!

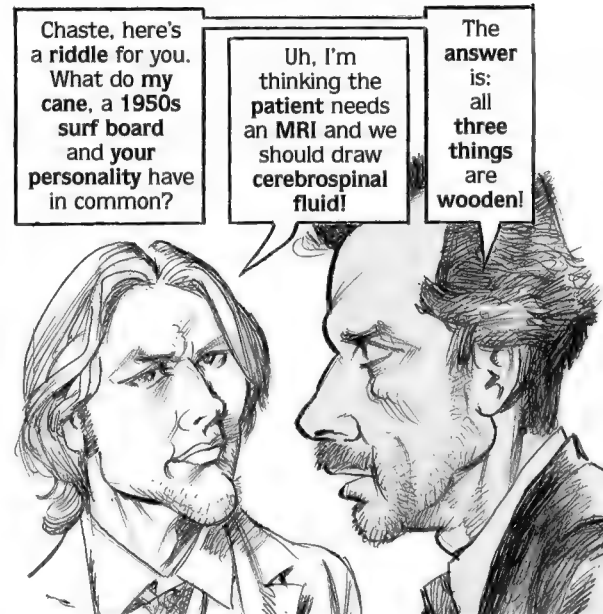




This is my hotshot team of specialists who work with me: an oncologist, a neurologist, an intensivist and an immunologist!

Who's the bald guy at the end?

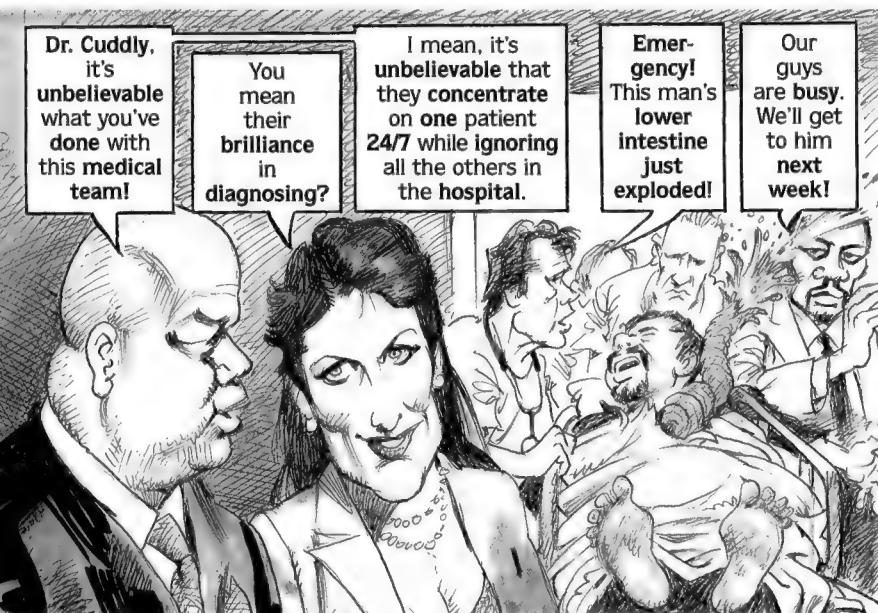
I'm a consulting psychologist! If anyone needs anger management, it's this guy!



Chaste, here's a riddle for you. What do my cane, a 1950s surf board and your personality have in common?

Uh, I'm thinking the patient needs an MRI and we should draw cerebrospinal fluid!

The answer is: all three things are wooden!



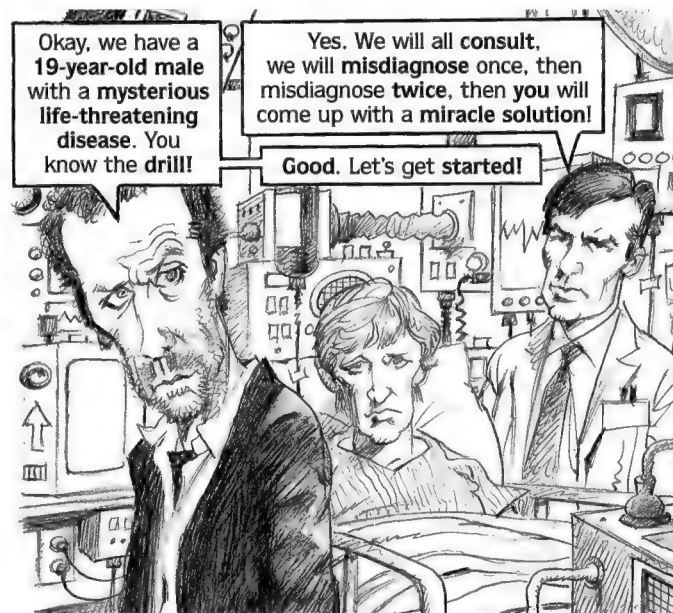
Dr. Cuddly, it's unbelievable what you've done with this medical team!

You mean their brilliance in diagnosing?

I mean, it's unbelievable that they concentrate on one patient 24/7 while ignoring all the others in the hospital.

Emergency! This man's lower intestine just exploded!

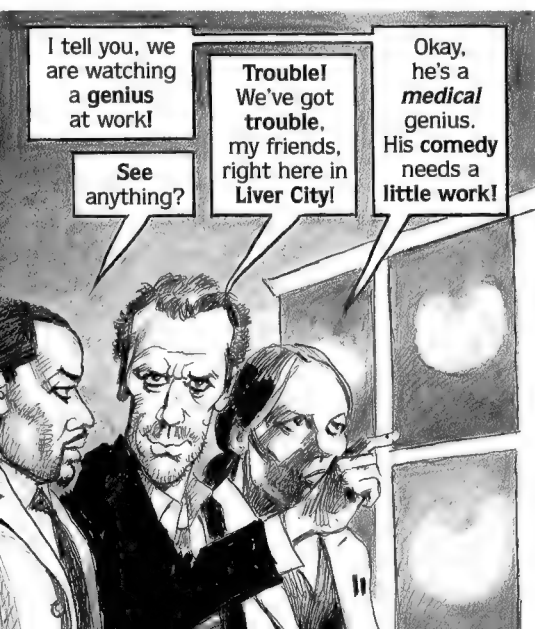
Our guys are busy. We'll get to him next week!



Okay, we have a 19-year-old male with a mysterious life-threatening disease. You know the drill!

Yes. We will all consult, we will misdiagnose once, then misdiagnose twice, then you will come up with a miracle solution!

Good. Let's get started!



I tell you, we are watching a genius at work!

See anything?

Trouble! We've got trouble, my friends, right here in Liver City!

Okay, he's a medical genius. His comedy needs a little work!



His right leg is twitching, and his epinephrine was mildly elevated.

It could be encephalitis. I'm betting West Nile.

Well, I'm leaning towards lymphocytic pleocytosis.

Hand me that *New England Journal of Medicine*!

You're going to consult a medical journal?

Nope! I'm going to take a dump! And we've run out of toilet paper!

Yuck!
Not another
show that
takes us
on an icky
voyage inside
a human
body cavity!

What
is this,
like the
82nd
TV
series
to do
this!?

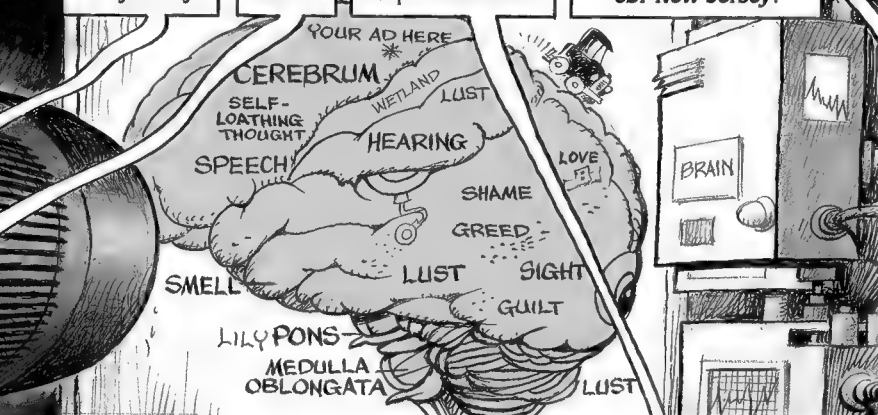
Great! A graphic
trip through
a guy's brain
matter! Just
what I needed
after the meat-
loaf lunch at the
hospital cafeteria!

This show is like a
detective drama! We
analyze clues, we sift
through evidence and we
break into people's homes!

My God! We've become
CSI-New Jersey!

Oh great, if
my day wasn't
going badly
enough, now
my beloved
ex-wife shows
up! What do
you want?

I was going to ask you to treat my
husband, but now, forget it! I hate you!
You're the meanest, most egotistical
bastard in the world! I should have
known you were like this! During our
wedding vows, I talked about love and
feelings, you insulted the minister and
told the bridesmaid she had chlamydia!



Louse, have
you ever
thought about
a romantic
involvement?

Not really. The
only women
I meet are
infected!

Would
you be
interested
in me?

Put on
your sexiest
outfit, catch
a pox and
we'll talk!



We've cured you! You had a rare
viral infection passed on by
pigeons in Peru. You can go home!

This is so
abrupt!

Welcome to a thing
called "strange
story arc"!



We finally have a
new patient being
admitted that Louse
can't be nasty to!

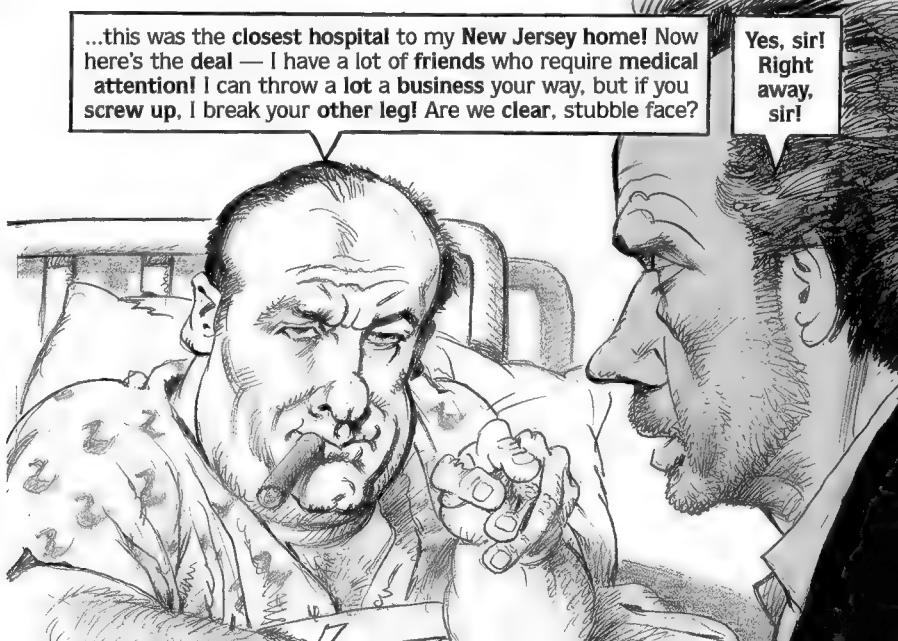
This
I
gotta
see!

And even
though
it's a flesh
wound...



...this was the closest hospital to my New Jersey home! Now
here's the deal — I have a lot of friends who require medical
attention! I can throw a lot a business your way, but if you
screw up, I break your other leg! Are we clear, stubble face?

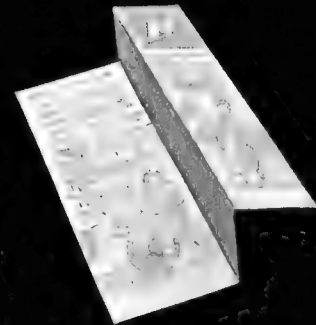
Yes, sir!
Right
away,
sir!



**WHAT IS
TODAY'S
MOST
SHOCKING
DRUG
MENACE?**

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

Every day we hear terrifying stories of crimes committed by people under the influence of drugs like heroin, marijuana, barbiturates, L.S.D., etc. But the most shocking drug-crime of all is hardly ever mentioned. Fold page in, and see what it is!



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



**SOME ADDICTS BECOME DESPERATE DARING
PROFESSIONAL CRIMINALS. THESE TRAITS IN
MEN, TORTURED BY DOPE, CAUSE RADICAL
PRESSURES ON CITIZENS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS**

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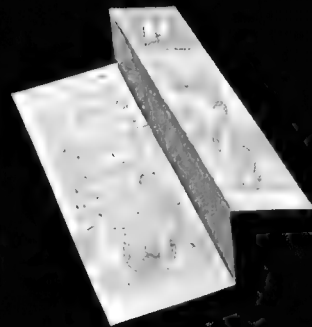
WRITER & ARTIST **AL JAFFEE**

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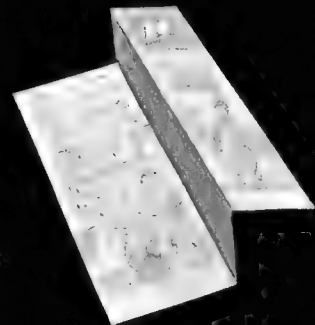
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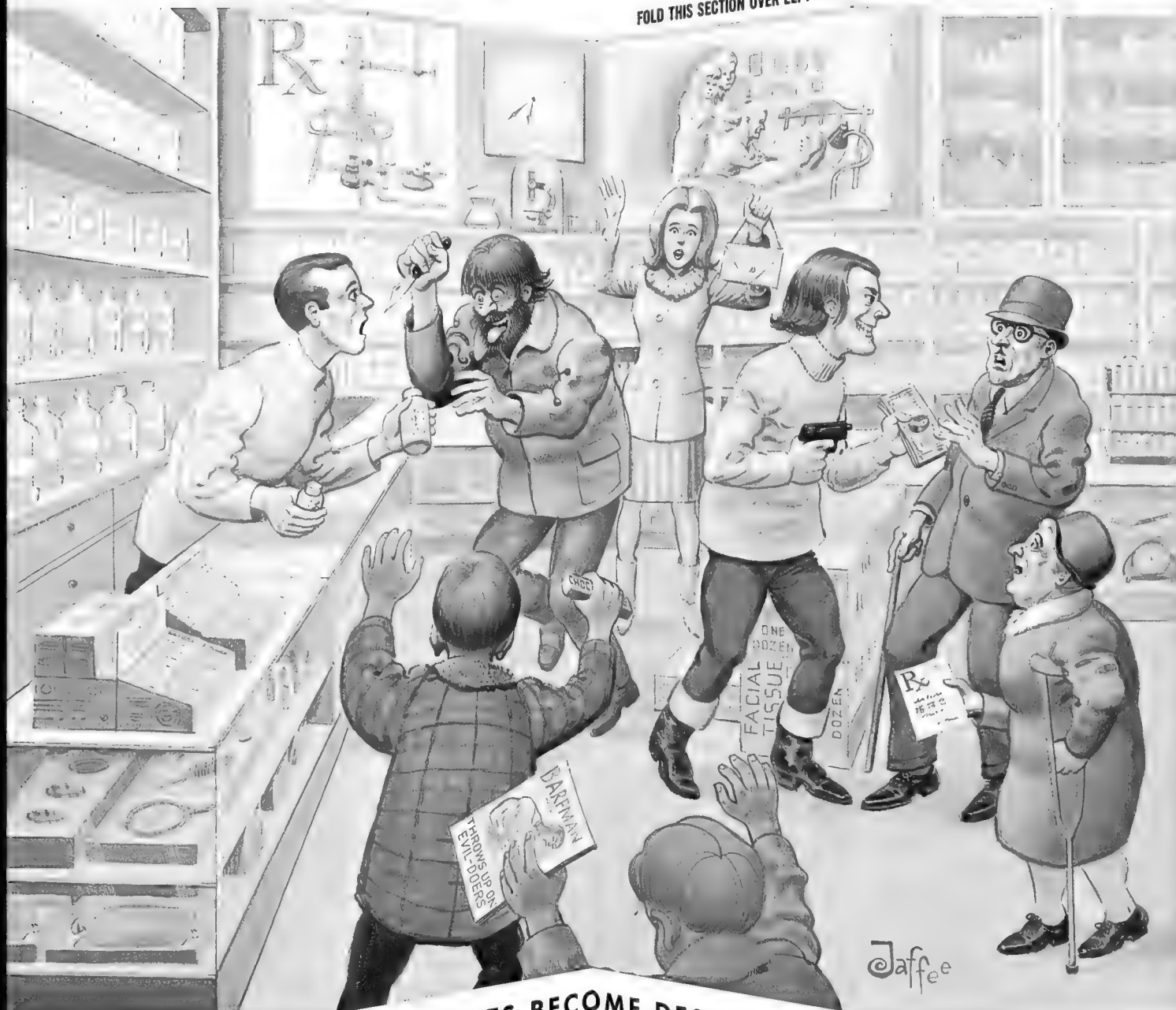


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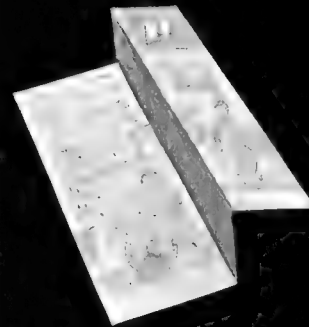
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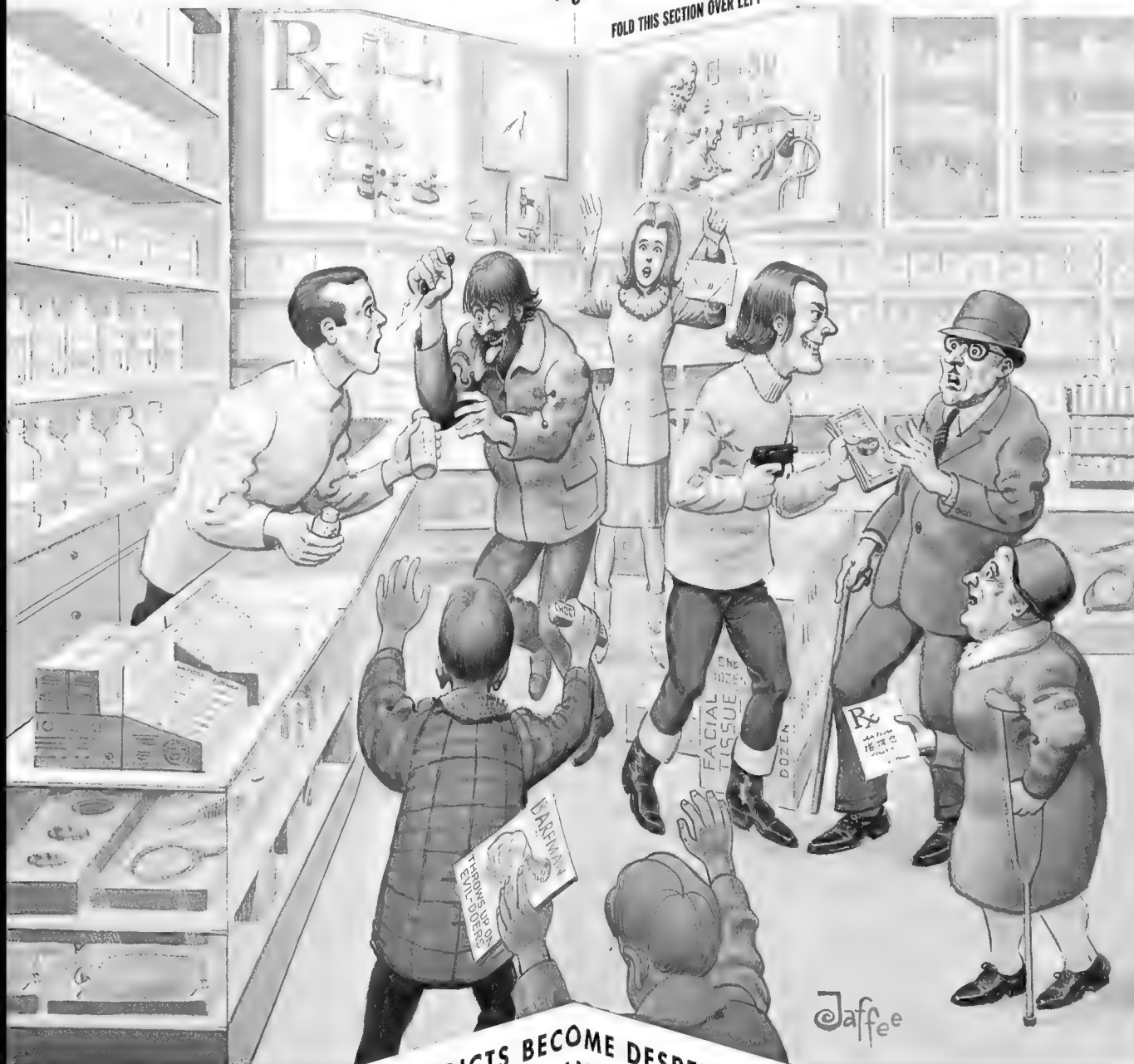


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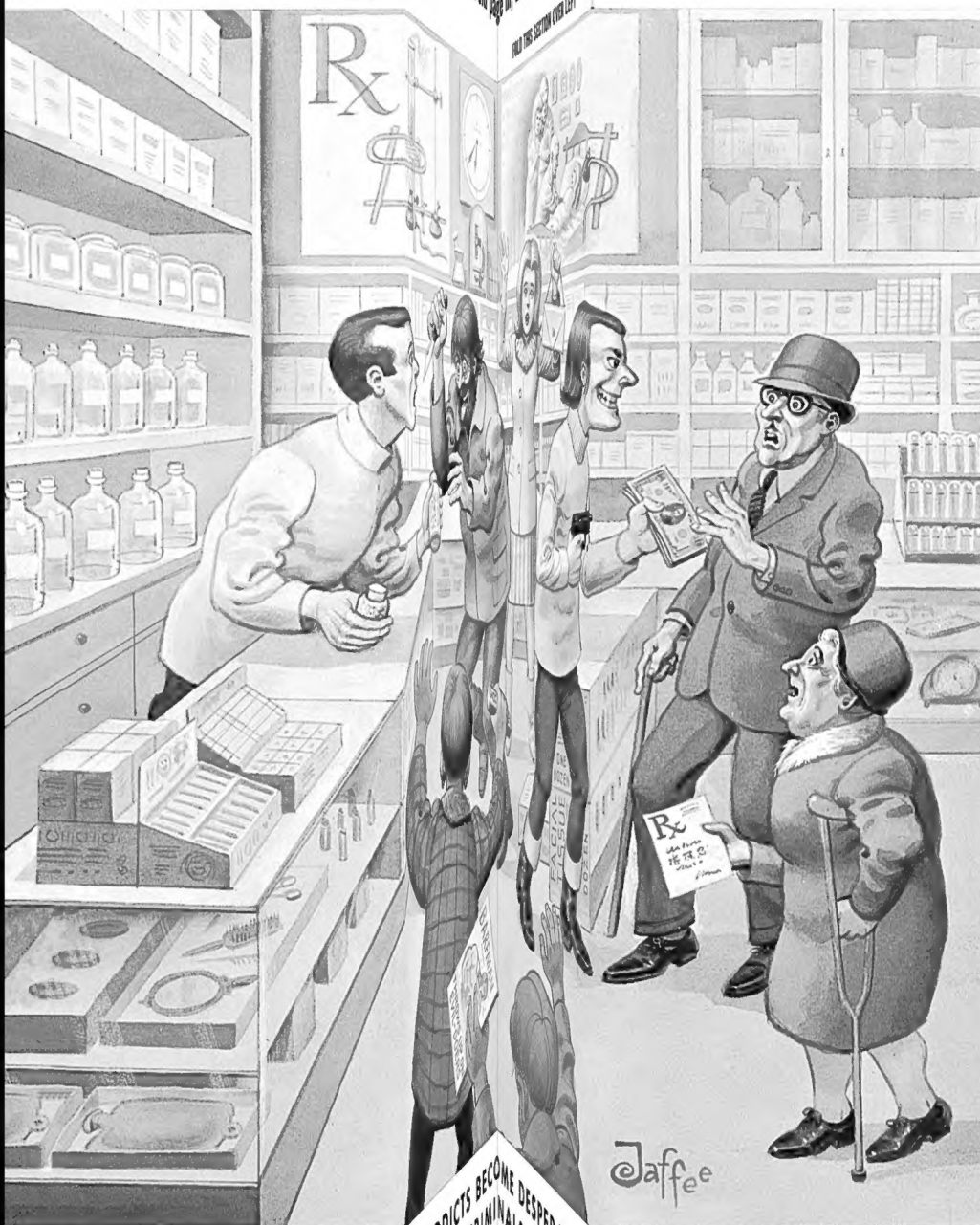
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SOARING
PROFITS IN
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MAD



**ONE MAD A
DAY KEEPS THE
IDIOTS IN PAY!**